Vol. CXXX. No. 1692.

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe STANDARD'S do

THE BYSTANDER, MAY 20, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

STAGE SOCIETY GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret : A Going-Out Guide

Summer Sport : By Howard Marshall

1/-

Nature's Wonderful Cure
CONTREXEVILLE WATER
Frees system of Uric Acid

For HEADACHE and NEURALGIA
1/3 & 3/- IN POWDER OR TABLET FORM
Cephos
See-foss Pronounced
REGD THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY
Sold by all Chemists & Stores is safe and certain

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to KING GEORGE V.

Coty
A SUMA
perfume of lingering allure

Patz LAGER
Full bodied genuine Lager matured for 12 months, 'Patz' has a sparkle and clarity which is unique. Its flavour and tonic properties are quite unequalled.
From Hotels, Clubs, Wine Merchants, etc., or if any difficulty apply to:-
JOHN C. NUSSLE & CO. LTD., 21, Soho Square, London, W.1.
'Phone: Gerrard 5706 (3 lines).

Ask for 'Patz'

HOTEL LOTTI PARIS
In the Centre of the Shopping district
7, 9, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE
Room and bath from 15/-
Choice Lunch or Dinner, 6/6.
Telegrams: Otelotti, Paris 81.
Renowned for its quiet distinction, excellent service and cuisine
NEW BAR-GRILL—11 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE.

GRANT'S ...OF RARE MELLOWNESS! SCOTCH WHISKY

PRICE ONE SHILLING : By Inland Post 1s. 1½d. OFFICES LONDON : 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS : 65-67 Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
6.25 and 9. Weds. and Sats., 2.30. The Side-splitting, Musical Sporting Farce.
"TWENTY TO ONE"
LUPINO LANE. CLIFFORD MOLLISON. Prices 1/6 to 10/6, incl. Tax.

BRITISH HOTELS

COME SOUTH FOR SUNSHINE!
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, St. Leonards-on-Sea,
provides luxurious comfort at very moderate terms. At all seasons of the year the spacious lounges are comfortably full of charming people. The 100 Bedrooms and Suites are centrally heated and equipped with constant hot water. The numerous bathrooms are conveniently situated.
Write for illustrated tariff or 'phone Hastings 869.

AVENUE HOTEL—for the "CURE" and the EPICURE!
HARROGATE A most attractive hotel. Close to principal Baths, Shops, etc. Excellent food, and special "Cure" diets if desired. Comfortably furnished rooms. Pleasant restful atmosphere. From £4 4 0 weekly. *Illustrated Brochure "Q" on request.*

THE GRAND
is the smartest hotel in HARROGATE
Spend your holiday at the Social Centre of the North, where everything is of the best and you will meet the smartest people. The Grand is a first-class hotel with moderate charges and convenient to all Harrogate's attractions.
Inclusive terms and brochure with pleasure from the Manager.

OPENING AT WHITSUN
MANSION HOTEL, POLAPIT TAMAR, LAUNCESTON, CORNWALL
Stands in 105 acres of woodland, 16 miles from North Cornish Coast, overlooking Dartmoor. Fishing, Shooting, Tennis, Archery, Hunting. Golf at Launceston and Tavistock. All bedrooms h. and c. running water. Electric light. First-class cuisine. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff. Phone Launceston 248.

SOUTHDEAN HOTEL
MIDDLETON-ON-SEA. Near Bognor Regis. Finest position with private beach. Gas Fires in Bedrooms. Private Bathrooms. Central Heating, magnificent Sun Lounge, Swimming Pool, Billiards, Bridge. Renowned Cuisine. Sports Club with 19 hard, covered and grass Tennis Courts, 4 Squash Courts. Valuable building land adjoining, plots available for disposal.
Brochure on request to Manager.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

Wiesbaden
on the Romantic Rhine
World-renowned Spa

Especially beneficial in cases of Rheumatism, Gout and similar diseases.

Luxurious, moderately priced hotels built over the Thermal Springs.

A delight to lovers of music, beauty and first-class entertainments, a haven for those in search of health, recreation and rest.

In 1935—5,800 English visitors

Easily accessible from all important cities of the Continent.

For full particulars write
GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU
19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1
Städt. Kurverwaltung, Wiesbaden, and all Travel Agencies

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

BELGIUM.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front, near Casino. Free conveyance to Links.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey. — St. Brelade's Bay Hotel. — For sunshine and flowers. Comfortable modern hotel, terms from 3 guineas. Golf. Bathing.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.–C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.–The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).–Golf Hotel.–Facing the famous Links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. Swim. pool. 1st-cl. residential hotel. Own private huts on the beach. Moderate.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Estab. 'Phone in every room.

Talloires.—Lac D'Annecy.—Hotel du Lac.—Every comfort. Moderate terms.

Versailles.–"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM.11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.–Hotel Europe.–Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4. Pen. fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, fcg. Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established, comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds. fr. Baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1936.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.–Palast Hotel.–Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. RM 10.

Bad Nauheim. — Park Hotel. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM.4.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st.-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 11.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.–(Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. opp. Kurhaus, Opera and Parks. Pens. fr. RM.12.

Wiesbaden.–Gr'd Htl. Ka'serhof.–300 beds. First-class, in quietest pos. in own large park. Thermal water, Swim.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

HOLLAND.

Amsterdam.—Amstel Hotel.—First class. Splendid situation. Rooms incl. Dutch breakfast, from Fl. 4.50 upwards.

Amsterdam.—Bracks Doelen Hotel.—First class, quiet location, 120 beds, 40 bathrooms. From Fl. 4-5, incl. breakfast.

Amsterdam.—Hotel De l'Europe.—First class. 120 rooms. 40 bathrooms. Rooms from 4.50 (breakfast incl.).

Noordwijk.—Grand Hotel Huis Ter Duin.—500 beds. Best position facing sea. Golf, tennis, sunbathing, beautiful beach.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle—Three Kings Hotel.—(Trois Rois) On the Rhine. Rooms from Fr. 6.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage—with its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva.–La Residence.–First-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. Roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Lausanne. — Belvedere Hotel. — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne.–Hotel Byron.–Modern; all comfs. H. & C. water. Private bths. Excel. cuisine. Diet fr. £4 10s., including bath and service.

Lucerne.–Hotel Beau-Rivage.–Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest sit. on lake. Reasonable terms. Private sun & lake baths free for guests. Park, Tennis, Gar.

Lucerne. — Grand Hotel Europe. — The popular First-class Hotel with moderate prices.

Lucerne.—Palace Hotel.—Finest situation *right* on lake-front, quiet yet central. Pension from Frs. 15.

Lugano.–Grd. Hotel Eden.–Latest comf. All rms. fac. lake, wkly. terms "all in" S.Fr.98. Same house. **The Beau-Rivage.** Wkly. S.Fr.90

Ouchy - Lausanne. — Hotel du Chateau. — 1st-cl. hotel in own park on the lake. Seat of Lausanne Conf. T'ms. RM. 5, Pens. fr. 12 up.

ASCOT
When in Paris, don't get homesick for a real British Bar—just drop in at the ASCOT, 66, rue Pierre Charron, in the Champs-Elysées quarter, and you'll think you have crossed the Channel! Cheerio and all that. Moderate prices too. Remember the name!

The Bystander, May 20, 1936

No. 1692. Vol. CXXX.

The BYSTANDER

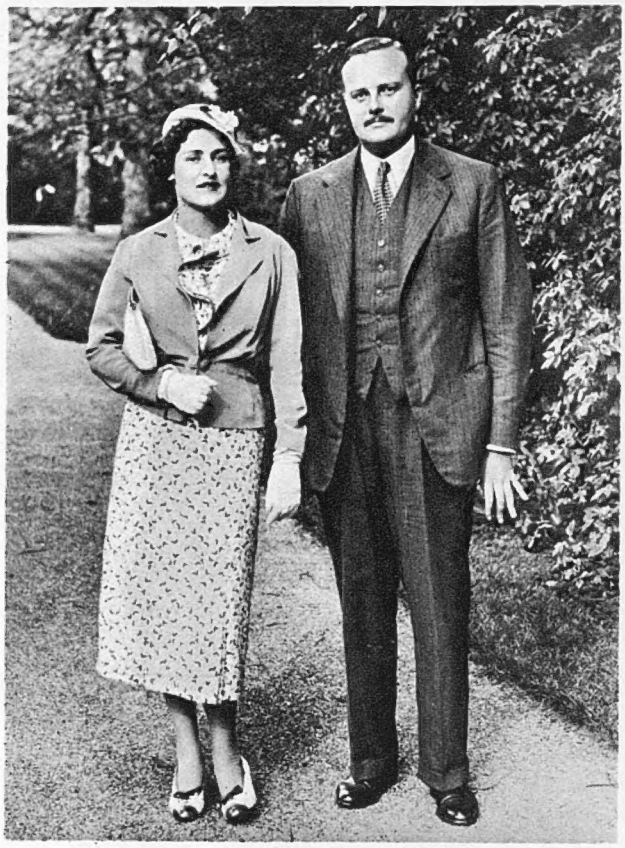
Yevonde

Their July Wedding is at St. Margaret's

Miss Liza Maugham and Mr. Vincent Paravicini have fixed on July 22nd for their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the Swiss Minister's son; she is Mr. and Mrs. Somerset Maugham's twenty-year-old daughter. She has chosen as her bridesmaids Diana Mainwaring, Lady Anne Bridgeman, Virginia Gilliat and her fiancé's two sisters, Livia and Christa Paravicini, while little Tessa Kindersley and Shaun, Lady Plunket's son, are to be her attendants. Mrs. Syrie Maugham is giving the bridesmaids' dresses

Social Calendar

A Variety of Engagements



The Engagement is Announced . . .

Viscount Elveden, the only son of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh, and Lady Elizabeth Hare announced their engagement last Friday. She is the younger daughter of Freda Countess of Listowel and the late Earl of Listowel

Zoo Ball Committee

Lady Gloria Fisher, Lady Grenfell, Lady Brougham and Vaux and Mrs. Simon Jacobs were at the committee where plans for Queen Charlotte's Hospital Ball at the Zoo were discussed with Dr. Julian Huxley. Owing to Lady Howard de Walden's illness, Lady Ratendone took the chair

Right: Lord and Lady Furness shared a table for two at the Dorchester, and watched Russell Swann at his amusing American compère tricks

The Ebury Christening

Lord Ebury is holding his two-year-old heir, the Hon. Francis Grosvenor, and Lady Ebury has the newly-named Robert Victor. The godparents were Mr. John Goring, the Hon. Hugh Grosvenor (the baby's seventeen-year-old uncle), the Hon. Mrs. de Yarburgh-Bateson and Mrs. Thomas Dundas

Derby Ball Committee

Mrs. Marshall Field is the chairman and the Duchess of Marlborough was the hostess of the Derby Ball committee which met at No. 27, Hill Street. The ball is to be held at Grosvenor House next Monday, two days before the race at Epsom. It is in aid of the Rosemary Ednam Ward, Royal Northern Hospital

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THIS week there is a temporary lull in affairs, both at home and abroad. The Budget Leakage Enquiry cannot be discussed as it is still *sub judice*, and at Geneva all that has happened is that Signor Aloisi, the Italian representative, has popped in and out of the Council Chamber with such frequency and rapidity that he must have got almost red-hot. Now he has returned to Rome to cool down. The only concrete result of the League's meeting is that the Council refused to accept the Italian thesis that Abyssinia has ceased to exist as an independent country. So now there are two Abyssinian Emperors, and the diplomats of those League countries which recognise Haile Silassie will have some delicate work before them when they meet the rival Emperor in Rome. But those are just the sort of delicate problems which diplomats are for, such things as arranging a dinner-table or deciding the precedence between the younger son of a Canadian Senator and the chaplain to a Siamese Prince. And, to judge from the diplomatic chaos in the world to-day, I should say, speaking confidentially, that those are the only sort of problems for which they are suited.

BUT although there is an official lull, nevertheless the man in the street continues to be profoundly disquieted. Wherever you go, you find people asking the question, "Do you think that there will be a war?" and, what is so alarming, no longer asking in a careless, happy-go-lucky way. The question is sincere, and anxious. For instance, an ancient jobbing gardener in the district of Surrey in which I live seriously advised his employer to plant more potatoes this year in case of a war in the autumn. "You 'll have to live on vegetables then, sir," he added. And so it is on all sides. The vast Italian army has scored a great military triumph. Will its Master be content with that? With Lake Tsana in his hands he can control the waters of the Blue Nile. With Albania in his pocket he can turn his attention to Jugoslavia. With Massawa now a strong port he can menace our Red Sea route to India. With Abyssinia captured he can walk into Kenya and Tanganyika. Any one of these possibilities, if turned into action, might lead to a World War. And the man in the street is anxiously asking, "Is Signor Mussolini the man to shrink from provoking a World War?" A goodish bit depends upon the answer.

IT is an axiom of modern politics that every possible economy in the national finances ought to be effected. But surely the Chancellor could have afforded the extra £1000 a year or so which Mr. A. P. Herbert begged for in the Commons for the relief of distinguished but impoverished painters, poets, actors, musicians, scientists, and so on. The publication of the Civil List each year always causes a painful shock. Men and women whose names were household words thirty or forty years ago suddenly appear in the List as recipients of £50 or £70. Widows of men who have deserved well of the State get beggarly pittances. And yet our total national expenditure is about 800 millions. "Let us now praise famous men," said Ecclesiasticus, but it seems that praising is the most we are prepared to do. And often not even that.

"The Fight is Not Over"

Prince Starhemberg, the deposed "dictator" and leader of the Heimwehr, left for Rome with menaces to the scholarly and democratic Chancellor Schuschnigg

SO the American G-men have scored another amazing triumph over the gangsters. A week ago it was Alvin Karpis who was gently gathered into the fold, and this week it is Robinson, the escaped lunatic who kidnapped Mrs. Stoll from her beautiful home outside Louisville, Kentucky. I was in Louisville at the time—it was in 1934—and it gave me an extraordinary feeling of the creeps such as you never get in Great Britain. The terror of the kidnapper is one that we are entirely free from. It never enters into our lives. But in America, up to a couple of years ago, it was a deadly menace in rich households. Now, thanks to Mr. Ed Hoover, the head of the Federal G-men, the menace is being steadily strangled. But it gives one some idea of the difficulties that face him, and incidentally, of the incredible tenacity with which he holds to a trail, when one realises that he tracked Robinson from State to State, for month after month for eighteen months, always just missing him but never letting up, until he ran him to earth more than two thousand miles away, which is about the distance from London to Astrakhan, where the caviare comes from.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S new film, *Secret Agent*, is quite one of the best which even that talented man has yet directed. It may be said, of course, that it starts with the initial advantage of being based upon one of the most exciting short stories ever written by the greatest living master of the short story (except, possibly, Mr. H. G. Wells). For the basis of *Secret Agent* is one of Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden* series, the one about the terrifying killer, "the hairless Mexican." But as we all know only too sorrowfully, there are some directors who can ruin the finest of stories. Happily Mr. Hitchcock is not one of them, and *Secret Agent* is a most exciting film—and certainly the best of all "spy" films

It turns out, on closer investigation, that the *Times* was not launching an unexpectedly violent attack against the Back-Benchers either of the Government or of the Opposition when it came out with a headline, "Political Cows." I should have known, of course, that the technical agricultural metaphor for these gentlemen is usually admitted to be "sheep." No. The *Times* was referring to the dodge evolved by a Belgian farmer of painting his political views in large letters upon the sides of cows, the animals having previously been distempered for the background.

The triple golfing success of the popular professional Padgham, has an importance for British golf which I have not seen emphasised by the sporting journalists. Ever since the war the curse of British golf has been its inconsistency. Players would take 67 strokes for a morning round, 77 in the afternoon, and were quite capable of starting next day with an 87. Before the war the great Triumvirate could not possibly have been guilty of such fluctuating form. In the Championship they were "always there or thereabout," as the saying is. After the war the big Americans carried on the tradition of consistency, while our players were all over the place. It is possible that Padgham is going to recapture the tradition for us, with Cox, King, Burton, and Alliss hard on his heels.

There are so many hundreds of ways in which the prison-gates now loom over those of us who are motorists, in a manner that our grandfathers and grandmothers knew nothing of, that it comes as a painful shock to hear that yet another crime has been discovered. If two friends share a taxi and one of them pays the fare for both, all is well. They are still law-abiding citizens. But if they share the fare, they instantly commit the hideous crime of converting a simple taxicab into "an express carriage in respect of which a road service licence is required," and they are felons before the majesty of the Law of England. But I wonder if I am right in using the word "majesty" in this connection. It seems to me, perhaps, that the more appropriate word might well be "oddity." There is another point in connection with this dreadful misdemeanour which I have not seen brought up. Most of the taxicabs in London are very smart, swift, and comfortable. But there still are some survivors of those fleets that were the first that ever burst into those silent streets. What happens if a couple of us hire one of those and split the fare? Can we not argue that it is impossible, and has been impossible for at least twenty years, to convert these ancients into an "express carriage"?

Can anyone explain why, in these days of such strenuous competition that the professional has a big pull over the amateur in everything, the Open Championships of Tennis (real), Rackets, and Squash Rackets should all be held by amateurs, respectively Lowther Lees, D. S. Milford, and Amr Bey?

Designs for the new coinage and stampage are being considered. Is it too much to hope that something will be done to make our stamps at any rate faintly less repellent than they have been for so many years? For decade after decade Great Britain romps home—the complete Tishy—a good twenty lengths ahead of the next competitor in the Philatelic Repulsiveness Stakes. There must be, hidden somewhere in the vaults of Mount Pleasant, or whatever the Post Office is called, the biggest collection of wooden spoons in the world, both for design and for colour. The last entry, the Jubilee stamps, in no way let down their distinguished forerunners.

The autobiography of a curious literary figure is published this week—about a year after his death—F. Anstey. I wonder how many readers of the Bystander have ever read a single word he ever wrote. Yet *Vice Versa* was almost a minor classic when it was first published in 1882, and it had a prodigious sale. The story of the stoutish, elderly parent who had to go to school instead of his son was quoted everywhere—and to-day? Where is it? In precisely the same place as Villon's snows of yesteryear, I fancy.

Cruise for the Cabinet

The Cunard White Star, who officially took over the Queen Mary from John Brown last week, gave Cabinet Ministers a 24-hour cruise in the Channel; here are Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha and Sir Godfrey Collins (Secretary of State for Scotland) at Waterloo

Just at the very last instant before we go to press, in comes the news of the "sacking" of Prince Starhemberg from the Vice-Chancellorship of Austria and the threat to disband his private army. This is news of incalculable potential importance, for the Prince had, only twenty-four hours before, sent a telegram of fawning eulogy to Signor Mussolini that was so extravagant in its praises that I thought at first it must have been drafted by the Duce himself. That Dr. Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, should have made such a striking anti-Fascist gesture, and should have had the strength to do it, is of profound importance. Small wonder that the first telegrams of reaction should report "Deep Thoughtfulness in Berlin," and "Consternation in Rome." Of Prince Starhemberg it is commonly said in Vienna that he was an infant prodigy, because he knew just as much when he was three years old as he does now.

A few weeks ago I had the melancholy task of chronicling that I, a Kentucky Colonel and A.D.C. on the Staff of the Governor, had been deprived of my honourable rank together with Colonel Shirley Temple, Colonel Mae West, and seventeen thousand other colleagues. But there is sometimes real justice in this unjust world. Last week the Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, who had treated us so ruthlessly, left his bounds of jurisdiction for a single day, leaving behind him a deputy with full powers to act for him. The moment the Governor's back was turned, the deputy—God bless the kind gentleman!—rushed off and signed a decree reinstating us all. So, little readers, I have the honour to subscribe myself your obedient servant,

A. G. Macdonell,
Colonel and A.D.C. on the Staff.

Luncheon for the Ballets de Monte Carlo

Mme. Michel Fokine, Mr. Arnold Haskell, Lady Eleanor Smith and M. René Blum were together at the luncheon given by Miss Olga Lynn at Claridge's in honour of Fokine's Alhambra company. René Blum, who directs the Ballets, is the brother of the French Premier

"Bitter Harvest"

The Byron Play at the St. Martin's

"Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel
A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillowed on a curse too deep;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
The bitter harvest in a woe as real!"

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Eric Portman and Mary Glynne as Byron and Augusta Leigh

AT present several enlightened theatres act as filter-feeds to the West End stage (look at *Dusty Ermine*, *St. Helena*, *Wisdom Teeth* and *Ah, Wilderness!* for example). The Arts Theatre is one of these pioneers, and its latest success is Catherine Turney's *Bitter Harvest*, produced there first, since un-banned and moved to the St. Martin's. *Bitter Harvest* deals with Byron's too cool attitude to his wife, and too warm attitude to his half-sister, Mrs. Augusta Leigh. Whatever the truth of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's version of the reason for the Byrons' separation, Catherine Turney deals discreetly with the relationship between the poet and Augusta. *Bitter Harvest* is a fine play, thanks to Eric Portman's spirited performance and Molly MacArthur's décor and Motley's dresses

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

FOR the Jubilee at Kempton, even the hardiest racegoers put on their smartest clothes, for it is known to be a smart meeting.

Lady Maureen Stanley was one we observed, in a short black fur coat and a toque composed entirely of violets. Lady Lavinia Dundas's fox collar had been dipped in ink until it matched her suit, both evidently chosen with an eye to her own eyes; Lady Mary Dunn and her husband arm-in-arm, in the paddock; pretty Mrs. Player, in a pale-blue summery suiting. Our enjoyment of an unusually successful day's racing was rather marred by laying our winning bets (three out of six, "jolly decent") with a good-natured friend.

Mr. Henry Hunloke, who looks all at sea on a racecourse, gave us a bad tip, and told us that his wife and small son were attending the Wood-Feversham wedding at York.

Out of a Job

IF many people were as persuasive and energetic as Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, chairman of the concert and dinner-dance in aid of St. George's Hospital at Grosvenor House on June 8th, the professional organisers would be out of a job.

Like Mrs. Leslie Gamage, who does that marvellous gala at Covent Garden every autumn, Mrs. Lawson-Johnston undertakes the entire burden of organising the whole thing herself, with the very able assistance of Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, at whose house a meeting and tea was held last Tuesday.

On that afternoon alone, eighty three-guinea tickets were sold, and nearly £2000 produced by donations. Grace Moore is going to sing, and a wonderful evening's entertainment is promised.

At the meeting last Tuesday, Mrs. Cunningham-Reid wore a pale-grey dress and minute feather toque on her new curly coiffure; Mrs. Lawson-Johnston, a dark-blue silk "tailleur," with amusing perked-up shoulders. The Marchioness of Cambridge had attractive white shell flowers on a small black hat; Lady Alexander appeared in a wonderful black-and-white toilette; while Mrs. James Rank, one of the most generous supporters of the cause, wore the best black suit in the room.

Hence the Sunburn

LADY PHYLLIS ALLEN gave one of her small but very enjoyable cocktail-parties last week. She has just moved into a gay and sunny little flat in Grosvenor Street, where she delights to entertain her friends.

Lord and Lady Delamere came in, and the Princess Alphonse Caraman de Chimay, in a very chic black and white and scarlet suit; Lady Orr-Lewis, looking very tanned and well (she pops backwards and forwards to Cannes very often, hence the attractive sunburn); young Mrs. Goldman, who wisely wore no hat on her lovely red-gold hair; we remember her as the very intelligent Miss Buchanan, who acted as secretary to Sir Denison Ross for a time. Lots of young men were there: Eddie Tatham, Lord Donegall, Lord Scarsdale, Bob Lebus, and Eddie Fitz-Clarence.

A Good Time Was Had

REPORTS reach us of a particularly successful golfing week-end at Gleneagles last week. With the young Kenneth Waggs in command, the party all left London on Thursday night, with the exception of the Everard Gates, who made a detour via Edinburgh to inspect some gardens, as they are rabid horticulturists. The Charlie Millses, Donald Camerons, Charles Sweenys and Richardsons were all in the party—quite enough material for a lot of fun. The weather was grand, and it seems that a good time was had by all.

The Welsh Dragon Ball

Mr. Philip Dunne (the Member for Stalybridge), Mr. Jack Fox-Strangways, and Lady Bridget Parsons, Lord Rosse's sister, were at the Welsh Dragon Ball at Claridge's last Wednesday

Why Not Admit It?

SWISS and Austrian sports enthusiasts are trooping nightly to the Hungaria to see their favourite guides and milkmaids yodelling and slapping their thighs in the new cabaret. They certainly import an atmosphere of tremendous gaiety and revelry, and the place is packed out nightly.

Lady Portarlington was drifting round to the strains of a Viennese waltz the night we went. She is one of the best—if not actually the best—ballroom dancers in London. Why will so few women admit that they like dancing? Lady Lindsay Hogg says quite frankly that she adores it, and beautiful Margaret Sweeny, who rarely dances with anyone but her husband—"hard cheese" for the other chaps, for we are told her dancing is on a par with her looks.

A Spanish "Fan"

To return to an attractive subject for a moment.

Miss Anne Stuart Anderson Had a

Mrs. Stuart Anderson gave a cocktail-dance for her daughter Anne at the San Marco; Anne Stuart Anderson was seventeen in February, her father's well known as a philatelist, and she is the great-granddaughter of a Governor of Mauritius—Sir George Anderson

We encountered Lady Lindsay-Hogg at Sunningdale last Sunday, walking hatless round the links. She is a Spanish "fan," and spent four months in Seville recently, and hopes to go out to Valencia ere long.

"Bunny," as she is known to her friends, is charming, beautiful and quite unaffected. That she is bored with the stage now, is the public's loss. Perhaps it is because one of her last appearances was in that never-ending success, *While Parents Sleep*. Although she turns

The Montagu Christening

William Montagu was christened at Chelsea Old Church. He is a grandchild of the Earl of Sandwich and Lord Beaverbrook; his mother, the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu, is holding him; behind her are Countess Court Haugwitz-Reventlow, who stood godparent, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Captain Wardell; the Hon. Drogo Montagu is with little Jeanne Montagu

Cocktail-Dance at the San Marco

Mr. Charles Alva-Harding and Miss Lauretta Hope-Nicholson were at Anne Anderson's party — the latter in an amusing sky-pointing hat; she is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. William Hope-Nicholson

down many stage and film offers, writing plays interests her, and something very good will doubtless come of all that.

A Matrimonial Agency

THERE is a hat shop in Davies Street that rivals Buck's flower shop of the old days as a matrimonial agency.

Mrs. McPherson, good-looking and blonde, who worked there recently, became the bride of Mr. Gerald Ley, and has migrated to the wilds of Cumberland. Rumours of Rosemary O'Malley Keyes's engagement to a rich American reach us from Biarritz. She worked in the same shop until she went down to her mother's villa on the Basque coast with Lady Warwick, just after Easter.

Mrs. Colclough, another lovely vendeuse, has now married Michael Norton-Griffiths, and they have vanished into the Midlands, where he works. Mrs. Smith-Dorrien, dark and lovely, perhaps the most valuable asset of them all, possessing brains as well as good looks and charm, has been having an anxious time owing to the illness of her cousin, Celia Byass, to whom she is devoted.

Plenty of Interest

THE Bird Man, not Clem Sohn, but Sally's owner, and a very good pair of ball-room dancers are at the Carlton in the new cabaret.

There was an opening night last Tuesday week, and although an edition of an evening paper had exaggerated somewhat when they prophesied that "its accustomed crowd of famous London figures would be present," there were plenty to interest us and to admire among the supping and dancing crowd.

Vivien Leigh, for example, her Dresden-china loveliness hampered a little, we thought, by a distinctly sophisticated gown of red and white flowered silk; the Honourable Ben Bathurst, young but grey-haired, with his handsome wife, and one of the most beautiful women in London, Mrs. Mary Booker. Her new style of hairdressing—iron-grey curls, done higher and tighter than before—is extraordinarily becoming.

The Willoughby de Eresby Christening

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby's baby son was christened Timothy Gilbert at Edenham Church last week. His grandfather, the Earl of Ancaster, is on the left, and his parents on the right; two-year-old Nancy Jane Willoughby is in the middle. The godparents were Lord Burghley, the Hon. David Astor, the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, and the Hon. Esmé Glyn

She was in a party with Dorothy Dickson, who looked exactly like her own child, except that she is fairer and perhaps more animated.

Quick Work

We wonder what most readers think of this question of etiquette?

Supposing Mr. A gives a party at which Mrs. B and Mr. C meet for the first time.

Mrs. B makes some rather vague enquiries as to the spelling of Mr. C's name and his address, and when Mr. A goes quietly to dine with Mrs. B a few nights later (just a family party!) he is amazed to find Mr. C already there.

Mrs. B murmurs something like "I think you two know each other," and proceeds to treat C, if anything, like an older friend than A.

It is all so typical of the person who, when *you* introduce them to someone, twenty-four hours later is telling *you* all about them. "I know my Pat, and she'd never do that!" sort of thing. "You're telling me," is the only possible answer!

MISS PEEPS

The Earl and Countess of Feversham

The Hon. Anne Wood, Lord and Lady Halifax's only daughter, was married by the Archbishop of Canterbury at York Minster to the Earl of Feversham, and the ceremony rivalled the wedding of the bride's eldest brother, Charles, to Miss Ruth Primrose three weeks ago. The Yorkshire Hussars (Lord Feversham is their C.O.) made the guard of honour; there were nine child bridesmaids and ten pages; and the couple flew from Heston to their Spanish honeymoon

Miss Virginia Barnato Follows the Paternal Wheel-tracks

Kitty "Sits" for Miss Hall Caine

Place aux Dames

Assorted Aspects of the Stronger Sex

Above, left: Virginia Barnato has taken to her father's sport of motor racing, and was pushing out her Bugatti for a practice run on the Weybridge track at Brooklands. She is the daughter of Captain Woolf Barnato and Mrs. Richard Wainwright; her younger sister, Diana, comes out this year

Above, right: Miss Hall Caine is the daughter of the Member for East Dorset, and granddaughter of the late Sir Hall Caine. Kitty is her favourite hunter, and she's painting this portrait as a decoration for the Derby Day dinner menu at the Carlton

Left: A. J. Munnings, R.A., fetched his wife from her Reigate nursing home last week, where she had been convalescing after a hunting accident. There are three Munnings pictures in this year's Academy—one especially in his own typical genre—that of Ernest Heatley, Master of the Essex Union, on his horse Conrad

Mrs. Munnings Feels Better

Below: Tele-visions of the B.B.C.

Left: Elizabeth Cowell and Jasmine Bligh got their jobs as television announcer-hostesses. Jasmine Bligh is the Hon. Mrs. Noel Bligh's twenty-two-year-old daughter. Who hasn't heard of the requirements for this job?—low-pitched voice, equable temperament and a televisable face

Political Golf

Miss Thelma Cazalet, M.P. for East Islington, was one of three women players in the Parliamentary Handicap Tournament at Walton Heath. None of them survived the first round—Miss Cazalet lost to Lord Gage after a close match

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

This Week's Human Story

THE other day a well-dressed woman called on a leading City man, passing herself off as Lady the Hon. Gloria Garbo, a duchess in her own right. Such was her charm and address that when she suddenly asked for £1000 in cash—explaining that a relative had left her £1,500,000 to distribute to charities, but she had no small change—she was given the money at once. Asked where she could be found, she replied, "Hush yo' foolin', big boy. Ah ain't nevah claimed to of made nuffin' of mahsef, but Ah claims Ah 've been mahty lucky." Some little time after her departure the City man's keen business instinct warned him something was wrong. He looked up the London Telephone Directory. None of the names she had given him as intimate friends and guarantors was in it—the Prophet Elijah, Florence Nightingale, a Mrs. Rosie Butters Vanderwhoop, Uncle Tom Cobley and Gengis Khan. He also remembered (too late) that she was black as your hat.

The City man did what a City man would naturally do. He called a directors' conference. Having described the lady (and incidentally condemned her conduct), he was astonished to hear a fellow-director cry, "This is undoubtedly the woman who passed herself off on 'Filthy' Flathers of Fenchurch Street as the Queen of Rumania, thereby netting a cool monkey!" Another conference was called at once, and a number of resolutions were passed.

It is believed in the City that this clever adventuress is one of those girls who just can't help calling and taking things from Big Business men. Up to now blondes have scooped the market. Their coloured sisters are now beginning, apparently, in a modest way. What is the Government doing?

Tableau Vivant

A MAN in a club, summing up the other day—though nobody asked him—the position on the roads, with the figures of death and mutilation for the next month approximately averaged (you may know this chap, incidentally. Slightly projecting teeth. Mild donnish voice. Gilt spectacles. Said to drink human blood. Where were we? Oh, yes—), this man, as we were saying, pointed out that even in the Victorian age people were perpetually killed or maimed by horses or horse-drawn vehicles, such as hansom cabs. As indeed they were; the smarter victims, however, being consoled in their last moments by the memory of the horse's face, recalling dear friends in Society and relations far away. Few such poignant memories are evoked by a motor bonnet.

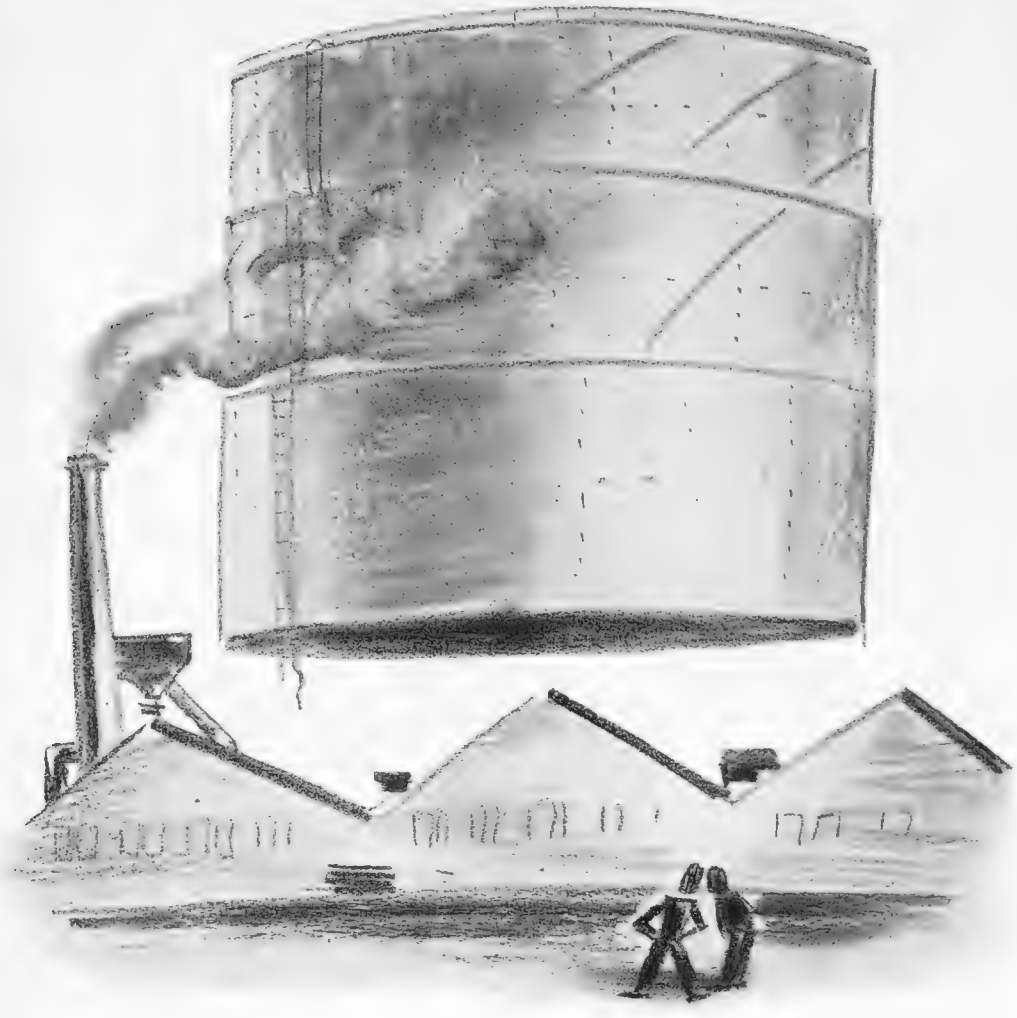
The Victorian casualty-lists on the road were obviously tiny compared with our own, for although a flying dog-cart or a galloping hansom took some dodging, the gorbellied Victorians were pretty spry. It was, moreover, a perpetual comfort to them also to know, as they leaped, that the sole secret of their superiority under Providence, over foreign and coloured persons was (as the Great Queen herself once explained to a Conquered Savage) the Jacobean version of the Scriptures. Reproductions of this very scene, once found everywhere, seem to crop up rarely nowadays in the second-hand print shops. Perhaps they are secure in private collections, for the delicate humour of that declaration grows on one with the years.

"Why, Cecil—just look at your nails!"

Movie Train

AT one time or another the possibility of using Tube tunnels as a screen for "strip" moving pictures, or rather stationary pictures, the moving train giving them life as it runs, carrying the spectator with it, has occurred to almost everybody, including—if we 're not wretchedly mistaken—Monsieur Dubonnet, the Apéritif King, who actually tried it once on the Paris Métro. It didn't work, the speed of the train not being sufficient, and our own aren't much faster. A young British engineer now has a better idea. If the normal Underground train, he thinks, had a synchronised travelling shutter-band, alternately lighting and blacking out each black-and-white picture, between 8 and 16 to the second, this should do the trick. If so, it might be fun, till the novelty wore off. Whereas the novelty never wears off the faces, pans, or dials one finds opposite one, at which one can gaze and gaze, never satiated, never weary of wondering at the mirific works of Providence, nor its inscrutable decrees.

One of the Old Masters, if we remember rightly, classified and drew the chief human facial types, the Sheep, the Wolf, the Ox, the Hog, with their animal prototypes accompanying, the resemblance being in most cases startling. The Horse-face is the kindest, saddest, most genteel, and most comforting to look at. Dorothy Parker once asked in a bewildered manner why so many people go round looking like horses nowadays, seeing that horses don't go round looking like people, and the poet Wordsworth still puzzles lovers of equinology for this reason. Yet, in Wordsworth's case the answer is easy. He actually *was* a horse, though he 'd never admit it, so that tea-time instinct to offer



"I've told 'em before about anchoring that gasometer"

sugar from the hand was in his case not mistaken, though tactless. "Don't be a damfool," Southey or Coleridge would hiss, "or you'll get his ears back! Whoa, there!"

Bird Men

ALONE among the dailies, Auntie *Times* looked down her aquiline beak at Mr. Clem Sohn, who jumps off aeroplanes at 10,000 feet, glides to and fro like a bird with wings of his own devising, and parachutes to earth. Speaking with authority for the crowd of 50,000 who watched Mr. Sohn's first demonstration in this country, Auntie claimed they were disappointed. They'd expected flapping wings and bird-flight, and what they got was "a series of dives broken by brief periods of gliding flight." And in a way, unfortunately, Auntie was correct. Madly courageous, Mr. Sohn's feat seemed to us, but, in Auntie's words, "too far away and too brief to be really impressive." Yet stay, who dare judge what any mob of 50,000, a wayward, inexplicable and rather terrifying monster given to extraordinary co-ordinated impulses, wants or doesn't want?

Ben Hecht, playwright, once tried to understand the reactions of the mob at Madison Square Garden during a boxing contest. Its fierce simultaneous booings and cheerings, "moody cries and illogical yodellings," as if by signal, were less baffling to Dr. Hecht than its sudden lapses into bored somnolence, "as if somebody had walloped a howling, fretful child on the head with a large club." Add to this mystery the fact that we forget what philosopher discovered it—if you carefully segregate any unit from a howling mob up to no good it turns out to be a sort of dazed, blinking, sheep-like creature with little or no idea of what it's all about. Circus chiefs like Stalin and Lloyd George and Hitler can make this monster dance on its head, weep, laugh, sing, yell, and juggle with plates so easily that their own virtuosity must bore them stiff, but who can explain why the French mob alone has always fallen into military formation when on the warpath, centuries before conscription? Auntie doesn't know, for one. Nor you. Nor we. Nor it.

Sweet-and-Loathly Dept.

MOST womanly gesture of last week—and we won't say from which correspondence columns we culled it:

> The other day I walked round a car and picked up numbers of pieces of orange-peel and put them in a newspaper, while the occupants sat inside eating oranges. I then put the parcel in the car—a silent protest, but, I fear, of little use.

The people inside the car were quite dumb, apparently. They didn't ask their refined mentor inside to have one. Still less did they make her eat the orange-peel on the spot, bag and all, as a little silent protest of their own against nosiness. We saw much the same sort of thing happen on the roadside once, but the dénouement was interesting, for an elegant bitch in the car—an Aberdeen—got excited and scrambled out and chased Auntie Nose for half a mile. And in a way we thought the Scottish bitch was right. Sprinkling litter isn't a pleasant trick, but to be silently rebuked by an unknown womanly figure is worse, and leads to wicked and unworthy reactions.

The anti-litter girls, we feel, ought to go about it in a less sniffily aloof and offensive way. If they must pick up the orange-peel, let 'em then lean inside the car, laughing merrily and toying with the occupants, making personal contacts which lead to offers of marriage or tickets for the "Zoo." In this way Miss Beazle

"Oh, I say! Can't we talk about something else?"

met and married Sir Henry Clump, M.P.; and though he soon grew tired of post-marital orange-peel-gathering expeditions and shot her (also two Boy Scouts), the principle remains the same.

Footnote to Above

A RECENT evening at the Opera, incidentally, solved our perpetual query as to the aimless behaviour of the Valkyrie girls in the last act of *Die Walküre*; for they hop and dart to and fro, armed with long spears, without apparent rhyme or reason. It occurred to us, quite suddenly, that Wagner probably meant them to be picking up waste-paper and orange-peel as the men do in the parks with their spiked sticks, employing them usefully while Brünnhilde is raising the roof. What made this theory more plausible was that, seen from our box, they looked to us like Old Roedean girls.

Wings of Love

THE Gretna Green "marriage" business seems to be as profitable as ever it was, judging by recent evidence before the Edinburgh committee of inquiry into the Scots marriage-laws. 2000 such "marriages" have taken place since 1927, at a pound a time, fixed minimum fee, some couples paying the village blacksmith's successor as much as £20. The most historic Gretna customer is undoubtedly Lord Erskine, High Chancellor of England, who ran away by night with a young spinster, his age being seventy. Another legal bigwig, Lord Brougham, was married at Coldstream, a neighbouring branch of the racket. Normally, there was always a gouty father pursuing every flying couple, in another postchaise, black with rage. More often than not his chaise overturns just in time —a mishap on which many a Gretna Green couple must have looked back afterwards with sincere regret.

The whole romantic situation has been pictured many times with a wealth of detail by Victorian artists, none very good. Not one of them, so far as we know, ever tackled the Erskine romance, possibly because the old gentleman's bloodshot eyes and hanging dewlaps at dawn were too terrible to think about, also his liver.

For very many of runaway brides Gretna Green must inevitably have proved, as Oscar Wilde said of American brides at Niagara, the first of the great disappointments of domestic life. The face of the beloved at early morning after a night's travel is no oil-painting, and we're not surprised that the poets by tacit agreement have always dodged this particular issue. Romance (nevertheless)! What can compare with the pure thrill of young love, hot-blooded and in flight, except, perhaps, that of teasing very old Shetland sheep with a rolled-up copy of the *Spectator*?

Odd Craft

A RECENT story by J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton about a board meeting at which there was a strong smell of smoke, discovered eventually to come from a director who was on fire and smoked naturally, must put any thoughtful person in mind of the extraordinary people there are. We mean, there really *are*. Stockbrokers, for example, and people with only one skin, instead of three, and people who whistle perpetually through their teeth, and dons who giggle and hop, and dowagers with wigs, and people like Tycho Brahe, who had a gold nose. We ourselves know a sincere admirer of Mrs. Virginia Woolf who, whenever her works are mentioned, bleeds at the nose. This is not romancing. The specialists are baffled. He can't explain it himself. Say to him suddenly "To a lighthouse," and he is as carefree as a Greek. Say "To *The Lighthouse*," and his nose begins copiously bleeding at once, wherever he is.

Another odd case is the critic Robert Benchley, who is terrified of guinea-fowl, and will take a taxi half-round New York to avoid one. To be terrified of birds, except perhaps at Deauville, is surely a very puzzling mania? Yet it is not so socially disastrous a position as that of J. B. Morton, who was asked to resign from the Primrose League because he smelt of camphor. What happened was that after a recent expedition after sambhur, Morton (one of our finest guns) was discussing camphor with a rich hostess. She said wonderingly "You don't mean you smell of camphor?" and Morton said laughingly, "No, no. Of course not," and she turned to her friends and said amazed, "My dear, he smells of camphor!" That misapprehension started the rot, and the Primrose League could hardly do anything else but ask Morton to resign at once. He now thinks he *does* smell of camphor, which is in many ways the most terrible part of the story.

May One?

"PER ardua ad Ostrer," as the Gaumont-British airman said after the Cup Final.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I said ten thousand, and that's final!"

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 21

Constance Bennett

CONSTANCE BENNETT weighs only one hundred pounds, but has an appetite worthy of Schiaparelli, Clemence Dane, and Markova. But she never drinks, though she smokes a lot. Daughter of Richard Bennett, former wife of Philip Plant, and now Mme. La Marquise de la Falaise (he is irreverently known as "Hank" in Hollywood), she has recently been paying her third visit to this country. Thanks to her husband, she talks French fluently. But then she expresses herself fluently always. You should see her on the set. She knows what she wants when she wants it, and she gets it.

Huge sea-grey eyes, long blonde curls, thin little arms, and pale face all a-quiver with expression, Connie Bennett designs a lot of her own clothes, which is perhaps just as well for the peace of mind of the vendeuses who would otherwise be attending her. She is a marvellous dancer, plays tennis keenly, and swims well. She is also a very quick study—that is to say, she learns her lines in a flash.

Her favourite jewellery is a ruby and diamond set, or else star sapphires. She says she hates affectation, stupidity and people who are over-sweet. She wears less make-up in a picture than any other film star alive. She never uses grease paint and never wears false eyelashes. She has a first-class little business brain. If she had been a man she would have made a great success in law, medicine, or science. She drives a fast car like a man ; she plays a man's game of bridge ; her favourite authors are James Hilton and Flaubert ; her favourite composers are Tchaikowsky and Stravinsky.

SHE has a great gift for indignation—in fact, three gifts. The first is when she is picturesque in her comments ; the second is when she is quieter and still madder ; the third is when she is past speech. When she laughs her eyebrows crinkle ; when she is nervous she widens her mouth. Her vitality is tremendous. She puts everything she has got into her work, and invariably loses five or six pounds weight while she is making a film. Her first talkie was *Rich People*. Her most successful rôle was as the servant girl in *Common Clay*. She loves a gamble, but like a man prefers baccarat to chemin de fer. Her favourite numbers are 8, 9, 22 and 29. Which shows that she knows something about the sections of the wheel at roulette.

Her two sisters, Joan and Barbara, are now respectively Mrs. Joan Markey and Mrs. Morton Downey. Connie is the eldest, and has noticeably dark eyebrows, unbelievably long finger-nails, which make her hands look larger than they are, a quick, chaffinch-like movement of the head, and a nervous habit of running her tongue over her lips just before she makes an entrance while doing a picture.

Always with her on the set are Dora, her big, spectacled maid, and Miss Young, her personal secretary. Both are on tip-toe, because their mistress is always wound up and impatient when on the job. Her surprise at the more easy-going methods of English studios was quite delicious. It must have been almost disappointing for her to find herself urging the studio at Shepherd's Bush to work harder than it was used to doing, instead of being able to protest that she was being made to work too hard.

Altogether she is a disconcerting mixture of feminine intuition and male brain bottled under fascinating but very high pressure.

Charles Graves

The Bystander,
May 20, 1936—321

Norman Parkinson

Elsa Lanchester — Mrs. Charles Laughton

Elsa Lanchester has equal claims to fame as herself or as Mrs. Charles Laughton—wife of the lion of Paris. Charles Laughton was by way of making theatrical history ten days ago when, the first Englishman to appear at the "House of Molière," he played Sganarelle at the Comédie Française gala. Quoting *Comœdia*, "it is unnecessary to describe his unbounded success." Elsa Lanchester's first ventures into the theatrical world were novel ones; she started, in the year of the Armistice, the Children's Theatre in Charlotte Street, and later, the Cave of Harmony, where such authors as Pirandello, Housman, and Anatole France were staged. In the 'twenties she acted at several of London's pioneer theatres, the Lyric, Hammersmith, the "Q," and the old Everyman. More lately she has conquered the screen, appearing in *David Copperfield*, Clair's *The Ghost Goes West*, and, of course, *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*, with her husband

The Chorus Goes Off to Change

"Rendez-Vous in Paradise"

Around the Set

Stars and Girls and the Director at Work on Douglas Fairbanks, Junior's, New Film, "Accused"

Florence Desmond has the Wardrobe Mistress to Set Her Skirt

"ACCUSED" went into production at Worton Hall Studios, Isleworth, last week and soon after the job started these dress-rehearsal snapshots were taken. Douglas Fairbanks, Junior's, company, Criterion, is making the film, with Marcel Hellman to produce and Thornton Freeland to direct. He 's one of Hollywood's top men—made *Whoopee !* for Eddie Cantor, *Flying Down to Rio* with Dolores del Rio. He also directed Criterion's first picture, *The Amateur Gentleman*

Right : Florence Desmond uses a member of the cast as mirror-holder when her waves need fixing

Another view of the "Rendez-vous in Paradise" number: girls and music in a Folies Bergère setting

Right: Marcel Hellman is the film's French producer: he is on the set with his secretary

Dolores del Rio, Her Husband, and "Young Doug"

Dolores del Rio and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, are co-starring in "Accused"; it is Dolores' first English film. Her husband, Cedric Gibbons, M.-G.-M. art-director, is in the centre

Chorus Boys Waiting for Their Cue

Films of the Day: By George Campbell

Technicolor Has Come to Stay

"THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE" is a pretty good movie in pretty good colour, and there is an interesting story behind it. It represents the highest level of efficiency that colour photography has achieved in all the twenty-two years of patient experiment since Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus, the present head of Technicolor, and some research chemists from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, financed by a wealthy Boston lawyer, formed the Technicolor Corporation and began the research job that was to last them a lifetime.

The first essays in colour depended on the hand colouring of every separate picture in the film. Remember that sixteen different pictures flash by every second, and that the average feature film runs from an hour and a quarter to two hours, and you have a rough idea of the work involved in the primitive hand-colouring process. Take the first feature in colour—Robert Paul's *The Miracle*. Paul took a positive print of *The Miracle* and set about tinting each and every one of its 112,000 tiny photographs. Working with minute brushes and a reading glass, tinting all these thousands of pictures, each measuring one inch by an inch-and-a-half—a task that dwarfs even the labours of the mediæval monks over their illuminated manuscripts—Paul was half-way through the picture when eye-strain threatened him with blindness.

CASTING around for another method, he hit upon the mask process, similar to stencilling. He made the masks and hired girls to apply the colour. The results—you know what girls are—were not so neat as his own had been. The colour ran over the edges of the microscopic figures and produced a blurred effect—what is now known as "fringeing." But at least he had discovered a practical way of distributing labour and made a colour film possible.

Dr. Kalmus set about the same job more scientifically. He was resolved to achieve the same results, or better results, by chemistry and mechanics. He spent half a million dollars on research, and there must have been many a time when he felt like chucking the whole thing in despair. It was six years before he got anywhere. By that time he had hit on the basic patents governing the present Technicolor method, which combines photography in the making of negatives with lithography in the making of the final colour print. With the aid of this process Hollywood produced such pictures as *Toll of the Sea*, *Wanderers of the Wasteland*, Douglas Fairbanks' notable and successful *Black Pirate*, with its marvellous under-water scenes, *On With the Show*, *Sally*, and *Follow Through*.

THE process was a two-colour one, incapable of reproducing all the colours of the spectrum. Actually *The Black Pirate*, depending mainly on low tones—sepia and the like—was infinitely more realistic, and more artistic, than some of the recent productions in three colours; but the public does not seem to have felt this way about it. There was no demand for Dr. Kalmus' wares, and for the time being he was defeated.

Only for the time being. He and his wife (a charming feminine sort of person, now working in London, whom you would never suspect of being a technician) went on working, and in 1932 they arrived at another landmark—three colours. Producers would not look at it. They remembered what the talkies had done only four years earlier. Old stars had disappeared, new stars had soared, thousands of cinemas had been forced to mortgage their future to the makers of talkie apparatus, the film world was in chaos. Years of peace and plenty were necessary to make good the losses. Start another costly revolution? No, thank you!

HAPPILY for Dr. Kalmus, there was one exception. Walt Disney saw the possibilities of colour—peculiarly suited, of course, to the work of the cartoonist dealing mainly in fairy tales and fables. He secured the exclusive rights in the cartoon field, and there is no doubt that the enormous popularity of his Silly Symphonies—Mickey Mouse stuck to black and white for the time being—did a great deal to put Technicolor on the map.

One other Hollywood producer at last became interested. His name was Merian Cooper, and he produced (with Ernest Schoedsack) that masterpiece of the Persian mountains, *Grass*, the even more successful *Chang*, and the ineffable *King Kong*. Mr. Cooper got in touch with that enterprising young millionaire, Jock Whitney, a new company was formed, and in 1935 they produced *Becky Sharp*. Opinions differed about that production. Some critics thought parts of it rather crude. So they were. But not nearly so crude as the early gramophone records, or the early silent pictures, with their "rain" and jerks and breaks and "One minute to change reels." The thing that surprised me about *Becky Sharp* was not its occasional over-emphasis of colour, but the fact that much of the colour—the exciting Waterloo ball, for instance—was so extraordinarily good.

Now *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* is another great step forward. The producers are no longer quite so anxious to show that they can, at a pinch, manage all the colours in the rainbow. They are content, for the most part, with exteriors in the Cumberland mountains of Kentucky, where John Fox, Junior, set his story. Some of the views of distant ranges, and lakes reflecting peak and pine in the shimmering surface, are technically superb, as is the comparatively modest fire when hostile mountaineers set fire to the hero's camp. Here and there the colours are still a trifle garish, but the general effect is one of fidelity to Nature, and if anybody still doubts that colour is here to stay, this picture should convince them.

Colour apart, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* is first-rate entertainment. The story is unusual and moving, Henry Hathaway (of *Bengal Lancer*) has directed flawlessly, and the acting of Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda (an able newcomer from Broadway), and a brilliant supporting company could not well be bettered. Even allowing for M.-G.-M.'s prodigal casting of Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow in *Wife versus Secretary*—grand entertainment in its way—I still think *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* the best movie of the week. And I can't say fairer than that.

Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney

Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sidney and Fred MacMurray are the stars of the triumph in Technicolor, Paramount's "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which has brought the vivid—sometimes too vivid—colours of the Virginian Blue Ridge Mountains to the Carlton Cinema. Henry Hathaway directed the spirited acting of Fonda and Fred MacMurray in this backwoods version of the Montague-Capulet theme

Magda Sonja in a "Composed" Film

"The Robber Symphony," which goes to the Palace to-morrow, is the first film of its kind. Like Mickey Mouse Symphonies, the scenario is written as an interpretation of the music, but the players are flesh and blood, not pen and ink. Friedrich Feher composed the music for "The Robber Symphony," then made the film around it with Magda Sonja in the lead. She is Feher's wife, half-Czechoslovakian, half-Russian

It's a poor fish that never has a Guinness

GUINNESS FOR STRENGTH

G.E.567

F

The Tap Dancers

From the Original Painting by Veronica Burleigh

For that extra touch of quality –
CRAVEN "A"
10 for 6p
20 for 1/-
MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS
CRAVEN A
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
CRAVEN A 20

Photographs by
Norman Parkinson

Bride's Rubicon

St. Margaret's, Westminster

The pre-war bride went to St. George's, Hanover Square, if she wanted to set the social seal of church-locality on her wedding. Then the lovely church that is dwarfed almost into insignificance by Westminster Abbey came into fashion. Most young women who picture themselves satin-clad, veiled and trained, on the arm of some god-like young man have St. Margaret's as the setting for their fantasy. And truly, the spaciousness of Parliament Square and the dignity and beauty of the neighbouring buildings add considerably to the impressiveness of any function that occurs in their range—even a fashionable wedding

La Seigneurie, Island of Sark

La Dame de Sercq

Mrs. Sybil Hathaway at her Feudal Home in the Channel Islands

Photographs by Baron

The House Was Built in 1565

Mrs. Hathaway and a Smiling Poodle

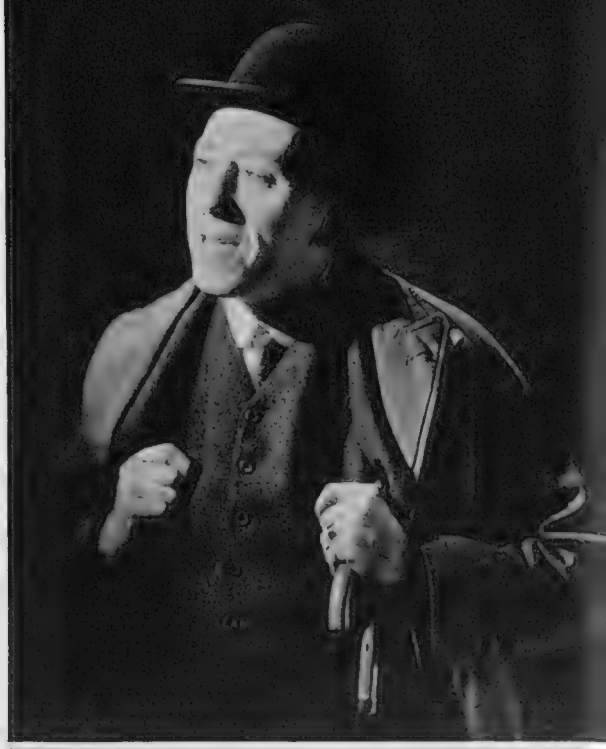
MRS. SYBIL HATHAWAY is the only purely feudal ruler left in the world. She is supreme in her little realm of Sark, has, among other curious and ancient privileges, the sole right of keeping pigeons on the island. Her lovely old house, built in 1565 of grey Sark granite, is also the Government building; the local parliament, called Chief Pleas, meets there every four months. There is one constable on the island; La Dame chooses one of her 675 "subjects" for the job. She succeeded her father, W. F. Collings (the late Seigneur), married Dudley Beaumont and had three sons and three daughters; her eldest son, Lionel Collings Beaumont, is her heir. After her first husband's death she married Robert Hathaway, who is American by birth, but now a naturalised British subject

Howard Coster

Simon Elwes—Portrait Painter

Simon Elwes has three portraits in the Academy this year—all of men: the Duke of York in 11th Hussar uniform, Sir Richard Sykes in hunting clothes, and Oswald Lewis, the Colchester M.P. He first exhibited at Burlington House in 1927, soon after he came back to England for good after studying in Paris, but it wasn't till three or four years later that his fashionable success arrived and an Elwes portrait became a social acquisition as well as a brilliant piece of painting. Elwes is thirty-four next month, the sixth son of the late Gervase Elwes, the famous singer, and Lady Winefride Elwes, Lord Denbigh's sister; married Gloria Rodd, Lord Rennell's daughter in 1926, and has three sons; lives in Cambridge Square and works in Chelsea

Left: "Of course not. I'm here socially. What d'you think I've got these clothes on for?"



Right: "He taught me some rhymes last night that will make English history as simple as A.B.C.: 'William the Conqueror started his tricks at the Battle of Hastings, 1066'"

A Sleuth at Work

Gordon Harker-isms in "The Frog"

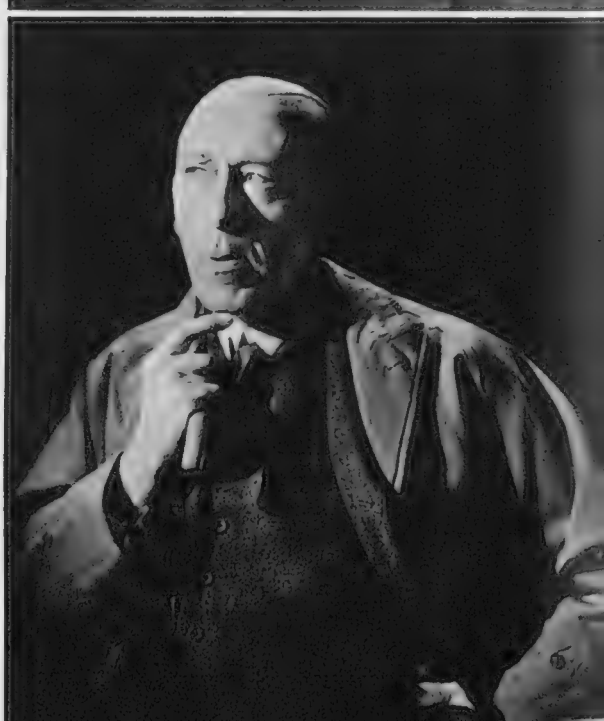
GORDON HARKER, as Det.-Sergeant Elk, gets on the trail of a no-limit crime company in *The Frog* at the Prince's, and finds himself up against something which would dismay a less nonchalant bloodhound. Ian Hay adapted Edgar Wallace's *Fellowship of the Frog* into this seventeen-scened and very red-blooded piece, in which Christine Barry is the heroine and Jack Hawkins is a pillar of Scotland Yard

Left: "It was a smoky gas, wasn't it, leaving a sort of white deposit?"

Right: "I never can remember which of the four Georges came first"

Photographs by John Everard

Left: "If there's a time when a single girl should be protected, it's in the middle of the night"



Right: "Did you warn them I don't know anything about the private life of Henry VIII.?"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

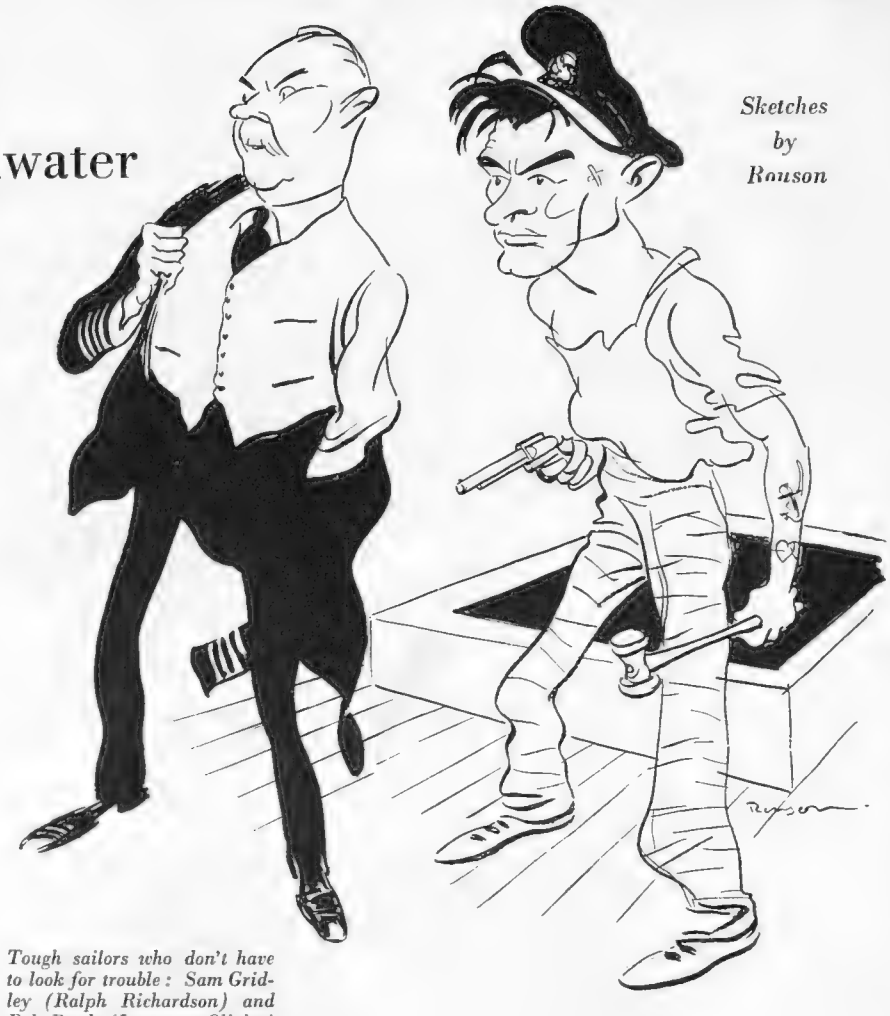
Crazy Day in a Backwater

Sketches by Rouson

"Bees On the Boat Deck" (Lyric Theatre)

FIRST of all, why is this play called *Bees On the Boat Deck*? It is true that the erstwhile chief engineer of the Gloriana, now reduced to the position of caretaker in that derelict ship, does mention casually that he has been upon the boat deck, and what do you think he saw there? Why, bees! but no further mention is made of these industrious insects, so perhaps it is just Mr. Priestley's playful way of suggesting that his play is pervaded by a "bees in the bonnet" kind of atmosphere. And it certainly is. When the characters, and even the scene of action are all symbolic, it does not make for a presentation of normal life, in addition to which it is extremely worrying to have one's mind continually chasing the allegory and trying to run it to a logical conclusion. Fortunately, the dialogue is amusing and there are plenty of laughs to help things along.

Ralph Richardson plays the part of Sam Gridley with sincerity and succeeds in making him a loveable old boy, but obviously not the man to be the efficient chief of a large cargo boat; his companion in enforced idleness, Robert Patch (Laurence Olivier), is a conventional theatrical type, who, by the way, commits the unsailorly solecism of inviting someone to go "upstairs" on to an upper deck!



Tough sailors who don't have to look for trouble: Sam Gridley (Ralph Richardson) and Bob Patch (Laurence Olivier)

THESE two live in peaceful seclusion in their ship (which no doubt stands as the prototype of Britain) until the fateful day on which the action of the play takes place, when she is invaded by a crowd of preposterous visitors: Lord Cottingley (Alan Jeayes), a pompous financier, Captain Mellock (S. J. Warmington), a Fascist who is prepared to shoot anyone on sight, and Gaster (John Laurie), a lean and hungry Communist; these three, each for his own ends, would like to blow up the good ship Gloriana, in which sinister design they are abetted by Fletherington (R. Goolden), a mild and kindly little man, yet willing to blow up anything for the sheer joy of testing the high explosives he has invented.

Communist and Capitalist find something in common: Lord Cottingley (Alan Jeayes) and Comrade Gaster (John Laurie)

ADDED to these strange visitors are a priggish little nursemaid who, rather than be a witness in a scandalous law suit, takes refuge with her Uncle Sam Gridley, and Ursula, daughter of Lord Cottingley, a part in which Kay Hammond seems to feel acutely the paucity of the material provided for her. A very clever picture is given by Raymond Huntley of the local grocer, Slivers, whose fixed idea is that anything printed in his daily paper must be true.

THE ship is saved from destruction by the assiduous devotion of Sam and Robert, who drive the intruders ashore, and just as they are settling down to enjoy their placid existence once more, a new menace crops up in the person of a clerk who instructs them to report at the company's head office, and informs them that, as the ship cannot be moved from her backwater, she is to be blown up.

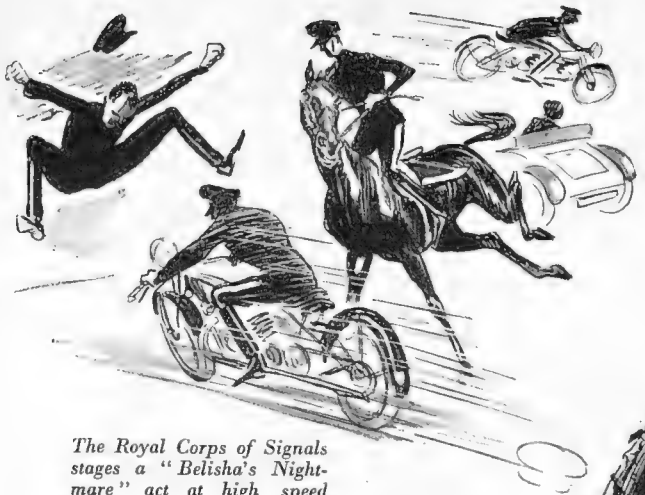
The conclusion of this singularly unconstructive play seems to be "What's the use of anything?" Perhaps next time we can look to Mr. Priestley for another *Eden End*.

The Hon. Ursula Maddings has innocent fun with some detonators: Kay Hammond

The Royal Tournament, 1936

High Jinks with H.M.'s Forces at Olympia

THE tournament given by the Army, Navy and Air Force finishes its fifty-third yearly display on Saturday. For a fortnight the enemy aircraft in the roof of Olympia has been repulsed, horses and motor-bikes have been made to perform hair-raising tricks, tattoo-like pageantry has alternated with the flash of acrobatics, and engines of war have been rushed round and round and up and down like toys. No wonder crowds have thronged to Olympia to help "the encouragement of skill-at-arms"—Rouson and his sketch-book amongst them



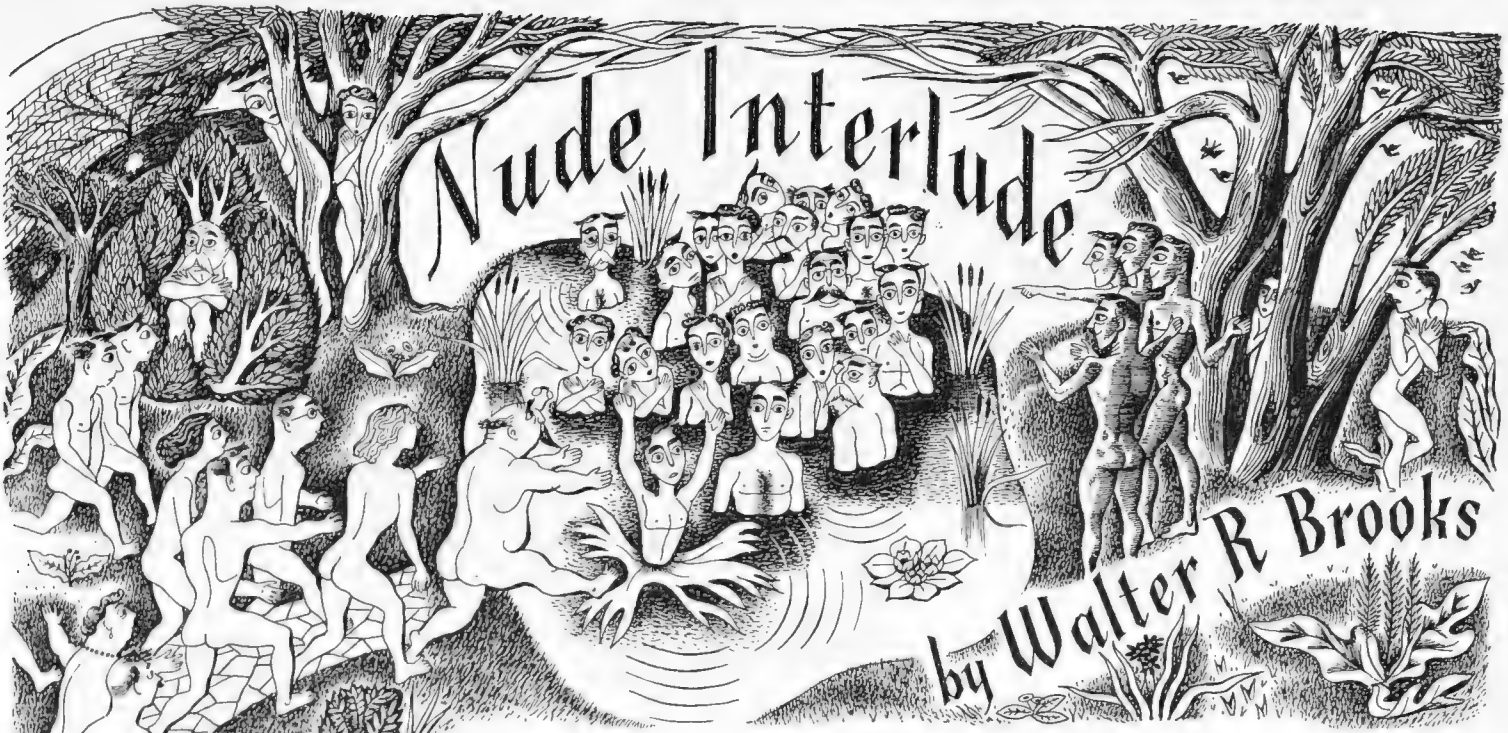
The Royal Corps of Signals stages a "Belisha's Nightmare" act at high speed

The Inniskilling Dragoons' horses can run, jump, sit or lie down with equal facility

Off duty!

"Way for the guns!"—always a popular moment

Elizabethan origin of the golf fiend is easily seen



"Bystander" Short Story No. 38

ONCE upon a time there was a young man named Robert Widgeon who had made a lot of money out of a cake of soap that wouldn't get lost in the bath-tub. He had a nice apartment and a wife named Faith who was dark and slender and had a mouth like Garbo's. Between his wife and his soap factory Mr. Widgeon was very happy. But he had been too busy to make friends and Mrs. Widgeon was lonesome because she had lived in Evanston before her marriage where everything was gay and so Mr. Widgeon went down to an exclusive suburb on Long Island called Castledonald and bought a house.

Well they lived there for six months and Mrs. Widgeon was lonesomer than ever for nobody seemed to want to know them. The only people who called were the Fuller Brush man and a Colonel Brackett who came to complain that their dog dug up his radishes. So at last they decided to go back to the city. Mr. Widgeon put up a big For Sale sign on their house.

Well one day Mr. Widgeon came home early and it was pretty hot so he took a shower. But when he went to look for some clean underwear he couldn't find any. The cook and the maid were out and so was Mrs. Widgeon so he went all over the house looking. He found a lot of things he had never seen before but no underwear. And he was just thinking that if he died of exposure Faith would be pretty sorry that she hadn't looked after him better when he looked out of the window and saw a lot of clothes hanging on the line down at the end of the garden.

Well the garden was all shut in with high hedges so he didn't bother to go upstairs for a dressing-gown but went out just as he was. The breeze was cool and the grass was crisp and tickled his feet so he walked around a while.

He thought about nudists and maybe they weren't so crazy after all and he thought about Mrs. Widgeon and what she 'd think if she came home and found him naked in the garden. He thought of something funny to say to her if she did. He thought he would say Nude afternoon dear. Only suppose the cook or the maid came home first. He couldn't think of anything very funny to say to them. And he started to get some underwear off the line. And just at that moment a stoutish expensively dressed elderly woman came around the corner of the house and looked at him through a lorgnette and said Dear me.

Well Mr. Widgeon showed rare presence of mind for escape was impossible through the thorny-fingered shrubbery. He stepped behind a sheet and unpinned it and wrapped it about him. Then he bowed.

Dear me said the lady again coming closer. Are you the owner of this property? Yes said Mr. Widgeon I am Robert Widgeon. And a nudist said the lady. How very interesting.

Well Mr. Widgeon had his wits about him as anyone must who handles a lot of soap. He recognised the lady at once as Mrs. Ogilvy Jones the social leader of Castledonald and the widow of a big knitting-mill owner. He had been waiting for this for the past six months. He knew he had charm and he felt that given the opportunity he could weave it about Mrs. Ogilvy Jones and get an invitation out of her to one of her famous parties. After that other invitations would follow as a matter of course. And now just as he had given up hope the opportunity had come. He would have preferred not to meet it wrapped in a sheet. But Mrs. Jones was a faddist who was always on the lookout for something new in the way of a swami or a surréaliste or a sword swallower about whom she could arrange something novel in the way of an entertainment and perhaps she had never tried nudism.

So he said Well my wife and I aren't really very orthodox but we do practice nudism in a small way around the home. How very interesting said Mrs. Ogilvy Jones and she sat down on a bench. And she said That sheet—please don't

stand on ceremony. Oh that 's all right said Mr. Widgeon It 's a bit chilly out here. And he pulled the sheet tighter about him and sat down.

And then he told her all about nudism. He made it as interesting as possible without being vulgar and he propped it up with ethics and hygiene and at last Mrs. Ogilvy Jones said Dear me why it is almost a religion. I thought it was just a lot of people going around naked. O dear no said Mr. Widgeon with an indulgent smile.

Well said Mrs. Ogilvy Jones getting up. This has been most interesting but I came to inquire about the house for my sister Lady Scatville who wants to spend the summer in Castledonald. Mr. Widgeon said he would be glad to show it to her but Mrs. Ogilvy Jones said No she must go now but perhaps he and his wife would come to tea some day soon and tell her more about nudism. And he said they would be charmed and looped the end of the sheet over his arm and accompanied her to her car.

WELL Mrs. Widgeon was pretty pleased when she heard about this and she and Mr. Widgeon got a lot of nudist literature and when they had read it it was really all so logical and so full of joy and sweetness and virtue that they didn't see why the whole world hadn't gone nudist. And then they went to tea at Mrs. Ogilvy Jones's and after that they went again and then they were invited to dinner and several people called on them and they talked nudism all the time and everybody seemed tremendously interested most of all Mrs. Ogilvy Jones. And Mr. Widgeon took the For Sale sign down. But all the same he was a little worried. We 've sold her nudism all right he said but what are we going to do when it comes time to deliver? But Mrs. Widgeon just laughed and said Oh men are so modest.

Just the same Mrs. Widgeon was just as petrified as Mr. Widgeon when Mrs. Ogilvy Jones sent out the invitations for her nudist garden-party. They had been getting a little tired of the subject anyway for of course by this time everyone in town believed them to be nudists and whenever they went out into the garden there always seemed to be dozens of snickering little boys hiding in the shrubbery and they had noticed that Colonel Brackett and several other elderly retired military men often strolled past the house and dropped in unexpectedly to call more frequently than seemed strictly necessary. They had hoped that the whole thing would die down.

For a week before the party Castledonald quaked to its foundations. Several families left town on alleged vacations and a number of the more timorous developed head colds jungle fever nervous indigestion and other ailments easy to counterfeit.

When Mr. Widgeon heard the news he turned pale. As chief nudist in town he knew that he would occupy a prominent position. Mrs. Widgeon couldn't see why he was so upset because after all it was only one garment less than he wore at the beach. It 's for you darling said Mr. Widgeon I don't like to expose you to embarrassment. Mrs. Widgeon smiled and then she said Well we have to go through with it if we want to stay in Castledonald.

WELL Mrs. Ogilvy Jones certainly had a swell day for her party. Mr. Widgeon had been awake half the night praying for rain but it was no good. It was a beautiful day. The Widgeons didn't get there very early because Mrs. Widgeon took so long to make up and there were a lot of cars lined up in the drive when they were shown up to the room where they were to undress before going down to the garden to join the party. Mr. Widgeon took off one shoe and then went to the window. Nobody out there yet he said. I expect they 're all lurking in their rooms waiting for someone else to start said Mrs. Widgeon who was all ready. Do hurry Bob. We 'll have to start first—it 's expected of us. I 'm damned if I will said Mr. Widgeon and at the mere thought he clutched at the shirt he had just taken off and draped it around his shoulders.

But just at that minute there was a shout and a rush of bare feet in the hall and Mrs. Widgeon threw open the door and dashed out and Mr. Widgeon after a last longing look at his trousers followed her. Mrs. Ogilvy Jones had foreseen that there would be a good deal of last-minute modesty and she had hired a number of professional nudists to start things and it was these whom the Widgeons followed down the stairs and out into the garden. But everyone else followed too.

The garden looked very gay with lots of little chairs and tables and bright parasols and cushions but nobody sat on the cushions. The entire party made as one man for the pool.

Well Mrs. Ogilvy had foreseen this too and when all the thirty guests had got packed into the pool she had the water let out. And as it dropped lower and lower and exposed them all pink and helpless while the brown professional nudists looked on scornfully there was nothing to do but climb out.

Well just at that moment when everybody was getting pretty panicky down the garden walk under a pink parasol came Mrs. Ogilvy Jones majestically stepping and clad only in a welcoming smile to greet her guests. So this put most of them at their ease right away and the general atmosphere of a house-party at the Borgias cleared up and they sat down in the little chairs and Mrs. Ogilvy Jones went around and spoke to everybody and the servants came out with refreshments. The servants had on shoes to distinguish them from the guests. After that everything went well though a few people still sat all hunched up like wild things surprised in the open. And Colonel Brackett had hidden in the shrubbery and couldn't be coaxed out.

Well then Mr. Widgeon got up and stood behind his chair and made a speech about nudism. He told them how nudism and morality go hand in hand because no man can commit a crime with his clothes off and that a nudist has no place to carry either concealed weapons or loot. Once he got a little off the track and started to talk about soap and how many lives are saved yearly by the use of a soap that can't be stepped on in the bathtub but a mosquito bit his shoulder and brought him back to the point and he said what a great blessing air and sunshine were and that nudism was a sort of re-birth because naked we come into the world.

Some of the younger people had stopped listening to him and had begun to play games and a girl ran past screaming with a man after her and he pointed to them and said That is what nudism does for us ladies and gentlemen. Have you ever heard such cries of pure joy at any other garden-party? And he smiled indulgently at the shrubbery into which the two had disappeared and sat down. And he said to his wife I think that was that Smith girl. *I* certainly wouldn't have recognised her said Mrs. Widgeon snappily and Mr. Widgeon looked at her and said H'm yes people do look different with their clothes off don't they?

And then everybody congratulated him on his speech and he almost forgot that he didn't have any clothes on only he didn't have any pockets to put his hands into.

Well everything went nicely after that except that several of the guests got into animated talk with some of the servants under the impression that they were visiting diplomats.

Mrs. Widgeon received a good deal of attention and Mr. Widgeon wandered off after a time and went in the pool which had been filled again and spent an hour or so explaining the finer points of nudism to the Smith girl. And probably nobody would have gone home for hours if at dusk the mosquitoes hadn't come out and got to work on them.

WELL after Mrs. Ogilvy Jones's party Castledonald simply went nudist en masse. Every party was a nudist party and clothes were hardly worn at all except in bed and even the tradespeople in town took it up and had nudist gatherings and the climax came when the local firemen's ball went nudist. And then it began to get into the papers. The *World Telegram* ran a page story about Nudeville and the *Times* had an editorial about it and the tabloids managed to get pictures of a euchre party at the sheriff's which caused quite a scandal. And the next thing Mr. Widgeon knew the directors of his company censured him in a formal memorandum and he was given the choice of resigning or publicly renouncing nudism.

(*Concluded on page* vii)

The Countess of Shrewsbury

The Earl of Shrewsbury, who came of age last December, married Miss Nadine Crofton-Atkins in February. This portrait of the Countess is by Eva Sawyer, and is one from her exhibition at the Cooling Galleries. Eva Sawyer is Mrs. Eveline Palmer in private life; she studied at Brussels before the war, and has since exhibited in most European capitals

BY APPOINTMENT

The GENUINE GIN COCKTAIL - made with GORDON'S GIN . . .

There are also the other recipes of Gordon's Genuine Cocktails to choose from:—

PICCADILLY
MARTINI
DRY-MARTINI
MANHATTAN
BRONX
PERFECT
FIFTY-FIFTY

10/6 per bottle (U.K. only)

GENUINE COCKTAILS — NOT CHEAP WINE CONCOCTIONS

MADE AS COCKTAILS SHOULD BE MADE ACCORDING TO THE CORRECT RECIPES

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

Women's Golf

Royal Lytham; Internationals at Southport and Ainsdale

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

ROYAL LYTHAM and St. Annes are famous for many things, from potted shrimps to hospitality, both of the very best brand. So when the club invited American and British Curtis Cup teams there for a week-end party, there was no doubt about their enjoying themselves and no fear that the golf would be allowed to be of so fierce an order as to spoil the fun. Sixteen real good men, to be sure, were put up against the ladies, but they had to give four strokes in each of the four-ballers which made up the golfing part of the programme, and that was just a little more than they could do. It was extremely pleasant, after struggling round Gleneagles, to saunter round Lytham watching equally good golf, best balls that were under fours for eighteen holes, and men out in 33—it was Mr. J. A. Stout and Mr. H. Cooke who perpetrated that cruelty—and individuals out in 36, like Miss Patty Berg; and long putts for a 3 at the last, like Miss Phyllis Wade's; and altogether everybody admired everybody else, and it was all quite delightful.

Dinner and dance at the Club that evening come into the same category, beyond dispute. Mr. A. W. Smith, who was acting captain in the absence of Mr. Talbot Clifton, and Mr. Pym Williamson, and all their aiders and abettors of both sexes, do know how to do things.

AFTER that, comparative rest until, on Wednesday morning, Home Internationals began at Southport and Ainsdale. You remember what a delightful and truly testing course that showed itself when BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes were played there: just the same may be said of it now, and the reports of its bad condition, like the immortal ones of Mark Twain's death, were greatly exaggerated. Hard patches and divot marks there are bound to be after two summers of drought, a dry winter, and six weeks of biting east wind and no rain. Not a course along the coast but has suffered. Yet by judicious placing of the tees, nobody with length up to standard drove into the worst places if they went where they intended, and the surprises of the first day would have occurred, one fancies, anywhere else and were in no way the outcome of anything except good golf on the part of the winners and—shall we say?—less good on the part of the losers?

That England should beat Wales was only to be expected: the Principality's one winner, Mrs. Mills, made the most of finding Miss Fishwick in unhappy vein. But that Ireland should beat Scotland, the holders, 5 to 4, was one of those surprises which make life for golfers and journalists so much more amusing than anything else. Miss Anderson did her bit well, so did the tail, but Miss Daisy Ferguson, Mrs. Walker, Miss Sherlock, Mrs. Beck, Miss Pentony and Miss Blake did it for Ireland, and that was that.

IN the afternoon England went on their serene way with only one loss again—this time it was Miss Corlett, who could not put well enough for Mrs. J. B. Watson, a nasty customer, certainly, to meet at sixth place; but it was Wales who sprung the surprise by beating Ireland 6 to 3. And the biggest win was Mrs. Graham Emery's (she was Miss Jestyn Jefferies) 5 and 4, from the redoubtable Mrs. J. B. Walker, whom she hoist with her own petard in the matter of putts. Miss Rieben and Miss Pyman had to go to the nineteenth for their wins—the latter after being severely down to Miss Tiernan. It was all incredibly exciting and splendid, making England and Scotland feel that reputations and Curtis Cup players were really nothing to go by after all, and that anything might happen to either or both of them next morning.

ACTUALLY nothing astonishing happened. Having written that, I doubt the truth of it. It surely is rather astonishing for any woman from tees which are not so very much shorter than those from which the pros. played, to be out in 34 and two under fours for the match like Miss Wanda Morgan was when she beat Miss Ferguson 7 and 5; or to be out in 35 like Mrs. J. B. Walker, pulled back to square by Mrs. Garon taking the next six holes in one under fours, and winning with a two at the nineteenth after Mrs. Garon had won the eighteenth in a 3 and lipped the nineteenth for a two. And there was Mrs. J. B. Watson out in 35 and Miss Fishwick in 37. Really, one must be getting a little blasé if one thinks nothing of any of these performances. Still, it is good to be critical, though one need not say, as one caddie did of his International employer: "She can't do nothing except pitch and putt." It was in spite of beautiful chipping and putting against her that Miss Rieben got home on the last green after being down almost all the way to Miss Robertson Durham, and Mrs. Graham Emery putted beautifully, too, to beat Mrs. Holm. Scotland, indeed, looked in positive danger, although in the end they won by 7 and 2. A good deal less stood between defeat for England than 8 to 1 would suggest, for three of their wins were only on the last green. Of course, England were without Miss Barton, who was standing out with a stiff neck. Anyway, Ireland need not be really depressed at their loss, for at least Miss Ferguson was beaten by superlative golf, and Mrs. Walker had the scalp of one of the favourites of the whole Championship.

AFTER that came Mr. Prestt's luncheon to the four teams and the committee at the Club, and the Mayor of Southport's tea in his official Parlour to the Curtis Cup teams and all Oversea entrants. And so to qualifying—with what appetite we may.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The Welsh Team at Southport

Wales lost two of three games in the Southport and Ainsdale International last week, winning nine out of twenty-seven individual games. The team is (sitting): Miss Barbara Pyman, Mrs. G. Emery, Mrs. Walter Pyman, Miss Isabella Rieben, Mrs. Idina Mills; (standing) Mrs. Jack Lewis, Miss M. Barron, Mrs. Bernard Edwards, Miss Peggy Lloyd, and Miss Marjorie Williams

The Irish Team at Southport

The Irish women's team won ten of their individual games in the Southport International, where England regained the championship. The team is (sitting): Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Todd, Miss D. Ferguson, Mrs. J. B. Walker, Miss Sherlock; (standing) Miss Gildea, Miss Glendinning, Miss Tiernan, Miss Blake, Miss Ellis, and Miss Pentony

Shaw Wildman

Fortnum and Mason Ltd 181 Piccadilly London W1

A pale pink double chiffon dressing-gown 5½ guineas

FORTNUM AND MASON

PICCADILLY LONDON REGENT 8040

Fairey Flying Fête

The Fairey Aviation Company was at home recently at their charming little aerodrome near Hayes, and amongst the guests were Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight

Lieut. Home Kidston and Lady Georgina Kidston, Earl Howe's only daughter, were also at the Fairey garden-party at Hayes. They were married last year

Polo Players

Lord Cowdray, (Cowdray Park) and Captain D. Dawnay (Juggernauts). Lord Cowdray plays No. 2 for his side, which beat the Juggernauts in a first-round tie of the Whitney Cup

Sporting Life—Social Edition

"Waggs' Week-End"

Mrs. Kenneth Wagg found it warm enough to wear a print dress at the big week-end golf-party at the Gleneagles Hotel, organised by herself and her husband. The Hon. Max Aitken, who is with her, was beaten by the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton

Race-Going Relations

Lord Claud Hamilton, Miss Faudel-Phillips, the Duchess of Abercorn, the Earl of Kilmorey, and Lady Hyacinth Needham all went to the Maze (N. Ireland) races. Lord Claud Hamilton is the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn's younger son; Lady Hyacinth Needham is the Earl of Kilmorey's thirteen-year-old daughter; and they all enjoyed a very fine race-going day of bright sunlight

This England . . .

NOW IT IS that a passionate urge comes upon us to savour the "green life" once again. An urge that sends us roving on bridle-path and hillside, thankful with the birds that the drear dark days are safely overpast. And when, in that lovely lassitude a day outdoors bestows, our Worthington seems good above all beers, let us remember that it, too, is part of Nature's rhythm. Barley and hops from our own rich earth have made it—an elixir that runs like a golden thread through the homely pattern of our lives.

The American Westchester Cup Team

The American team to meet England in the Westchester Cup matches totals 31 points: E. Pedley (7), No. 1; M. G. Phipps (8), No. 2; S. Iglehart (8), No. 3; and W. F. C. Guest (8), back. At their first exhibition match against Beaufort they won by 11 goals to 8

The Metropolitan Shield

R. R. Costain (Walton Heath) is with the winner of the Metropolitan Shield at Walton Heath—A. S. Anderson, who beat Tolley 3 and 2

R. Ricardo (Addington), James Braid, and S. P. Morrison (Troon): Braid acted as starter; Ricardo reached the semi-final, to be beaten by Anderson 7 and 6

A. E. Grant-Govan, beaten by Upex in the first round, and Lord Charles Hope

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

As I write, the dust is flying on Newmarket Heath, and that, to say the least of it, is unusual. Awkward for trainers, with the Derby so close upon us; but then, this year's race is unusual in more ways than one. The riding plans, for example, are uncommonly backward, and that makes it difficult for the prophet. And I suppose there never was a more open race, which is disturbing for a man of timid nature like myself.

I dare say we shall have buckets of rain before Derby Day, but if the drought does persist, the pundits will be looking thoughtfully at horses like the Aga Khan's Mahmoud. Actually, Manton and Newmarket between them have presented us with a pretty problem—Pay Up, Rhodes Scholar, Taj Akbar, Noble King, Bala Hissar—you pays your money and takes your choice, and I don't propose to complicate the issue just now. If we are inclined to fancy Taj Akbar after his running in the Chester Vase, there are those who consider that Noble King's performance in the Dee Stakes was more impressive. An open race indeed—next week perhaps we shall know a little better where we stand.

In the meanwhile, our thoughts being turned towards horses, let us consider polo. To-day (May 20th) Londoners have an opportunity of seeing the United States and England teams in action for the first time. The United States are playing a trial match at Hurlingham, and England one at Ranelagh, and very interesting games these should be.

I hate to remind you of it, but the United States have held the Westchester Cup since 1914, and the experts do not regard England's chances of regaining it this summer very favourably. I am not so sure. I have been told that Rao Raja Hanut Singh may be asked to play for England, and if this is true, his presence at number 3 might make all the difference. England already have one most formidable addition to their playing strength in Mr. Gerald Balding, who will presumably move to number 2 if Hanut Singh comes into the team. With Mr. Tyrrell-Martin and Mr. Hesketh Hughes completing the England side, the Americans will surely have their work cut out.

I hope, incidentally, that we shall hear no more of any objection to Mr. Winston Guest playing for America. Mr. Guest was born at Roehampton, and there has been some confusion over his nationality, though he played for the United States in the Westchester Cup matches six years ago. Certainly we in this country should be very disappointed if any question as to his eligibility were allowed to interfere, and no objections will be raised by our headquarters.

Talking of international matches, I cannot refrain from a belated but irrepressible comment on England's defeats at Association football by Austria and Belgium. We are apt to be so grotesquely sporting on these occasions. We smile and do not make excuses. We allow ourselves to sink in the estimation of European countries without speaking a word in our own defence. And this, I submit, is absurd.

There was a time when we were referred to on the Continent as "the masters" where Association football was concerned. We were regarded as invincible. In our last eleven matches we have beaten Switzerland and Holland, but have lost to Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, France and Belgium. A deplorable record; and one which affects more than our football reputation. Now the authorities say that it would hardly be sporting to give up these matches after we have been beaten.

(Continued on page 344)

AN ULTIMATE DEVELOPMENT

EVER SINCE we commenced in business the clothes of Pope & Bradley have been consistently improving in style and quality.

As new refinements are added, it becomes necessary on occasions to raise our prices. Our clients, however, consider that the present charges are quite high enough. An average of twelve guineas, net cash without discount, is a fair price for a suit.

This represents only a moderate margin of profit. The materials and trimming, of fine quality, constitute a considerable proportion of our cost; while the artists whom we employ as cutters, receive adequate financial encouragement. The largest item of expenditure lies in the hand sewing of our clothes—sewing which is done by skilled craftsmen who are almost as hard to find as good cutters. So hard that the only way we can get new ones now is to make our own, which takes five years of apprenticeship.

Lest there might be a doubt from this that our sewing is done by immature labour, we would mention that our apprentices do not practise the early stages of their craft on our customers' clothes.

Nor do we carry out any other experiments on them. Seven years ago we started to try out slide fasteners on the trousers of our staff. Some of the early models proved faulty in action, and it was not until recently, when the fool-proof "Lightning" fastener was produced, that we were able to endorse them for our customers.

Our skilled workhands have learnt the difficult art of building these fasteners into the trousers, so that we can now recommend them with confidence—for æsthetic reasons. They cause the trousers to hang better; the line they give is cleaner and more artistic.

It will not be long before all firms who pride themselves on the skill of their craftsmen, adopt this new refinement.

POPE & BRADLEY

11 & 13, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.1

and

14, OLD BOND STREET, W.1

Summer Sport *(Cont. from page 342)*

I disagree profoundly. It would be common sense to give them up and explain at the same time why we are giving them up. It is impossible for our players to do themselves anything approaching justice after a long and most exacting season. They are leg-weary and stale. They do not represent English football worthily in the slightest degree. The matches are farcical, and do us more harm than we realise. It is high time they were stopped.

It is high time also that we ceased to think of cricket as if it were the product of a Hollywood film studio. The fact that G. O. Allen and R. E. S. Wyatt were on opposite sides in a county match recently led to a deal of chatter about dramatic situations and clashes of personality. Nonsense, all of it. Because there is some doubt about the captaincy of the M.C.C. team for Australia, it seems that we are to be plagued by sensationalism whenever Allen, Wyatt, or E. R. T. Holmes appear on a cricket field.

The truth is that the selectors are looking hard for a suitable captain. If they wish to see Allen in charge, why should they not ask him to lead M.C.C. against All-India, without giving rise to all sorts of rumours? Allen is a possible captain. So is Holmes. So is Sellers of Yorkshire. So is Claude Ashton. And there, for pity's sake, let us leave it.

The best service we can render cricket this summer is to regard it simply as a game of great subtlety and beauty. It has been the battlefield of news-hounds too long. And already this season there has been plenty to delight and attract the disinterested enthusiast. The batting of Keeton, for instance, and the bowling of Copson; Leyland's prodigious scoring, and the odd, and possibly sinister, fact that Gimblett opened the Somerset innings against All-India and took over three hours to make a hundred.

Let us reserve judgment about our Indian visitors, by the way. Because they have not started their tour with too much of a flourish, it would be a sad mistake to underrate them. Merchant's great innings against Somerset was significant. Nayudu's consistent form spells danger. The team is taking time to settle down, and there are difficulties to be overcome. All is well, though, and before long some county side is due for a horrid surprise.

Now to boxing, for Derby week usually sets the fight promoters scurrying round, and on Monday, sure enough, we have a big show at the Albert Hall. Eric Seelig, of Germany, meets Eddie Pierce, of South Africa, and this should be a rouser, judging by the last fight between the two. Young Pat Marrinan, the thick-necked Irish heavyweight hope, is up against Gunnar Barlund, the Finn, of whose prospects some folk think highly. Dick Corbett and Benny Caplan fight for the southern area feather-weight title, and this promises well. A good bill, in brief, though here, quite irrelevantly, I may interject the suggestion that professional boxing shows might wisely take a leaf out of the amateur book and put on a number of short fights instead of a few long fights. It is the snappiness of the three-rounders which draws the crowd.

Fortunately, my most able colleague Mr. Morrison relieves me of the necessity of dealing with the amateur golf championship, which begins at St. Andrews next Monday. While the golfers fight their battles, I hope to be besieging enormous trout with cunningly wrought mayflies, for the duffer's fortnight will have started. What lies I shall have to tell you in due course!

Miss M. Hardwick and Miss E. Harvey

Mary Hardwick has paired up with Ermyntrude Harvey, the old Wightman Cup International, for Wimbledon. They won their first — and very one-sided—doubles at Hurlingham, beating Susan Noel and Anita Lizana in the final, 6—0, 6—0

Rao Raja Hanut Singh and Major Magor

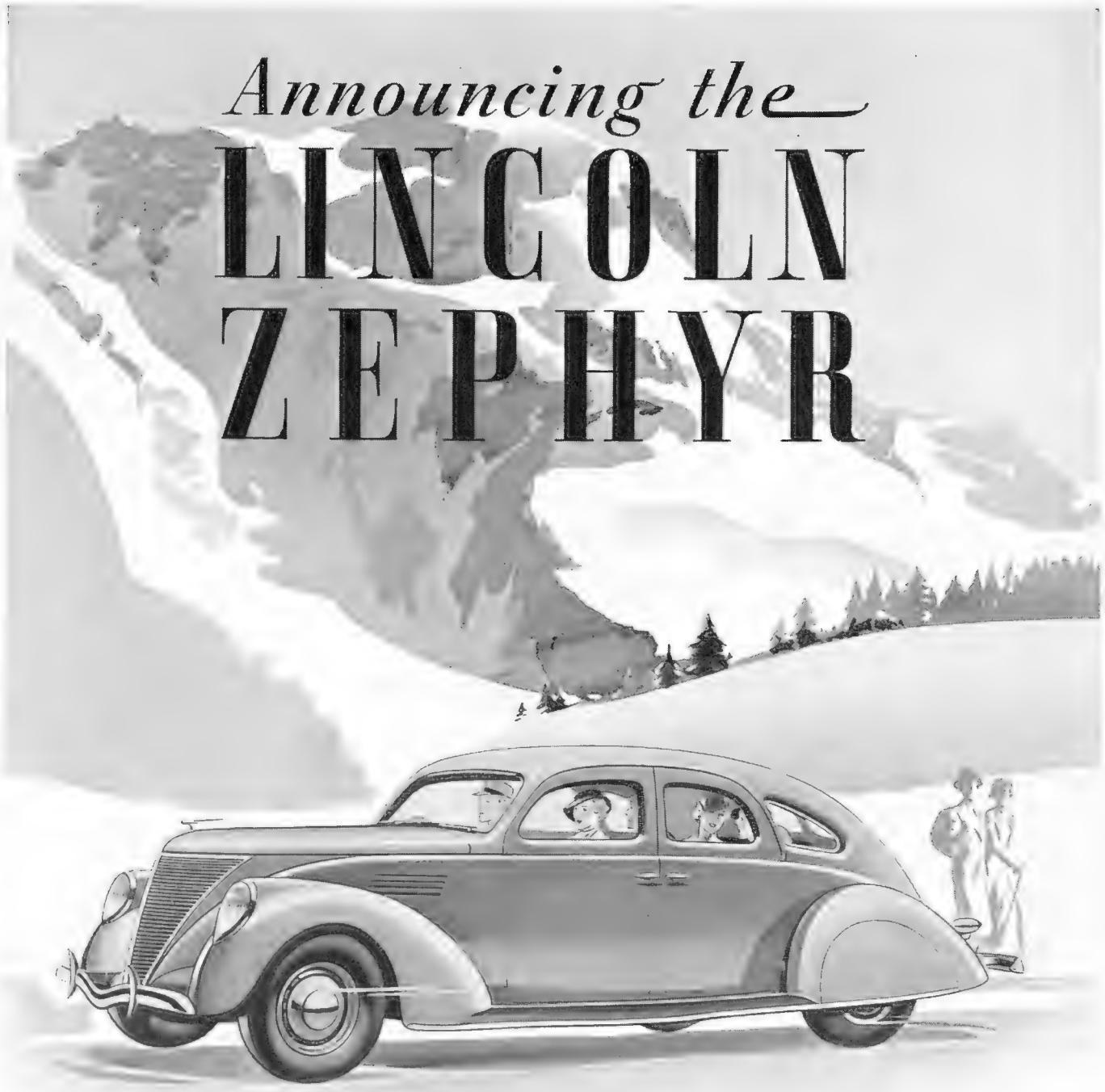
Hanut Singh, who is handicapped at 8, has been invited to represent England in the Westchester Cup team. The Rao Raja was No. 3 in the Texas Rangers team which beat the Panthers by 18-7½ in the semi-final of the Whitney Cup. Major Magor played for the Panthers

The Casuals' Dinner at Grosvenor House

The Casuals Football Club held their annual dinner at Grosvenor House to celebrate the F.A. Amateur Cup win—first time in the club's history. In the photograph are C. D. McIwe, Lieut.-Colonel Morgan-Owen (president), and R. F. Popham

John Langley Is Back at School

J. D. A. Langley, the eighteen-year-old runner-up in the English championship at Deal, is back at Stowe School for his last term. He is captain of the school cricket XI., a fine all-rounder, and goes up to Cambridge in October with a big reputation



A Ford-Built V-12 Which Creates Entirely New Quality-Criteria and Value-Standards Among Moderately-Priced but Highest-Grade Motor Cars

Its uncannily-noiseless twelve-cylinder engine, revolutionary all-steel body-construction, luxurious roominess of seating-accommodation, and scientifically aero-dynamic external design, the essence of silent, speedy smoothness, in the eye and through space, strike a refreshing keynote in the realm of super-motoring.

Taxed at only £27 . 15s. per annum in Great Britain, its engine develops 110 b.h.p.

Travel in the Lincoln-Zephyr constitutes the poetry of motion brought down to actuality.

The body-finish, upholstery, equipment, ventilation and mud-guarding are in keeping with everything else about the super-excellent Lincoln-Zephyr. Until you have tried it, you really do not know how fine a fine car can be.

DOUBLE-ENTRANCE SALOON,
As Illustrated, **£480.**

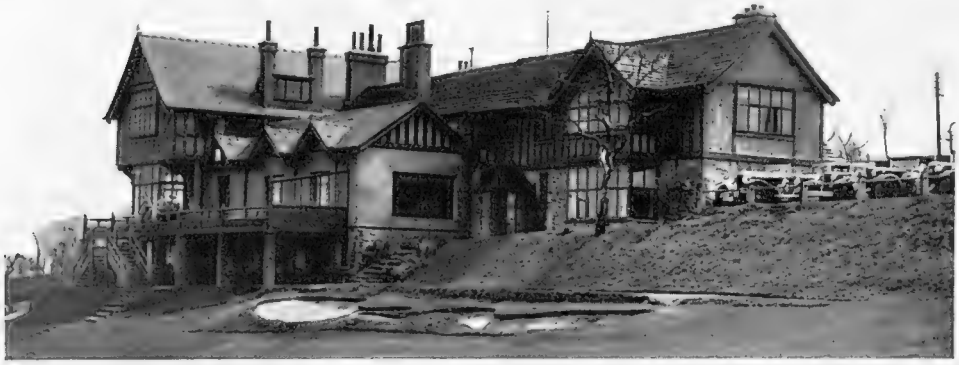
Alternative Body-Types from **£470.**

Lincoln Zephyr V-12

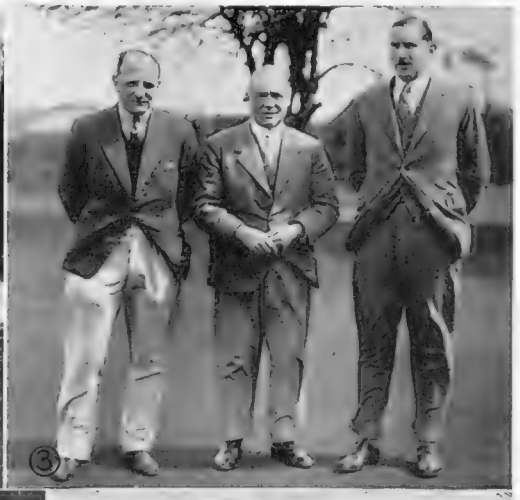
All Prices at Works: Literature on Request: Distributors Everywhere.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED · DAGENHAM · ESSEX • LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT ST. · W1

Golf Clubs at Home: Hallamshire, Sandygate, Sheffield



(1) Major W. J. Kendall (secretary), C. K. Everett (president), and V. G. Pearson (captain). (2) Slater Willis (vice-captain) and C. E. Truelove (ex-captain). (3) Geoffrey Turner, Kenneth Gray (ex-captain), and Geoffrey Meggitt. (4) C. W. Hampton and F. A. Beal. (5) L. F. Casson, A. M. Lee (committee member), and S. Meggitt (hon. treasurer). (6) F. Wardrobe and G. H. Harrison. (7) J. D. Ibbotson and R. W. Jonas. (8) H. Whitworth and H. F. Chope. (9) W. Wallis (professional and hon. member) and F. Mallinson (steward)



Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

Tunics have come into fashion again for afternoon and evening wear. They vary considerably in design, some being short and flared, others long and straight. The general tendency, however, is to have them three-quarter length with a short, curved-in waist, and full skirt, either gathered or cut on the bias. With regard to colour, all white, or a subtle shade of greenish yellow, provide an effective contrast against black. Plaid checks are gay, and so are prints. A charming tunic jumper in Pompadour taffeta, patterned with tulips, is shown above. It is designed by Liberty's, Regent Street, and may be seen in the model gown department on the first floor. The huge sleeves are a new note and recall the old-time leg o' mutton, while the flared basque is flattering to the waist. Accompanied by a slim-fitting ankle-length skirt, it could be worn for informal dinner-parties, cinemas, or cocktail "At Homes"

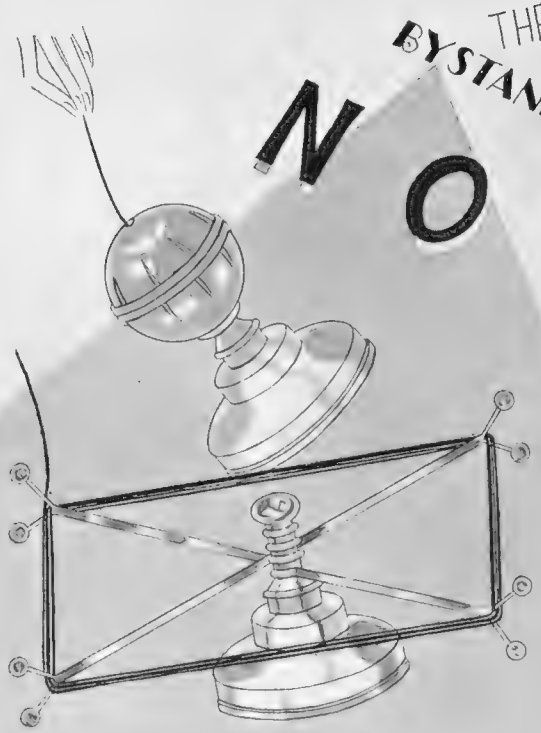
Beside the Seaside

Fashions for cruising at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, offer great scope for individuality, since there are styles to suit all types. Women with slim figures will appreciate the tailored simplicity of the "shorts" pictured above. They are made of gabardine with a contrasting stripe down either side, and cost 21s. With them is worn a striped lace-stitch lisle-thread shirt, while a decidedly nautical coat in silk linen embroidered with blue anchors completes the scheme. It is also made in other colours, and only costs 45s. The play-suit on the right, expressed in check silk hopsack, which is practically uncrushable, is 4½ guineas. It is cut with a low sun-back, pleats in the skirt, and concealed panties

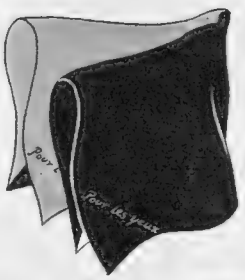
Lenar.

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

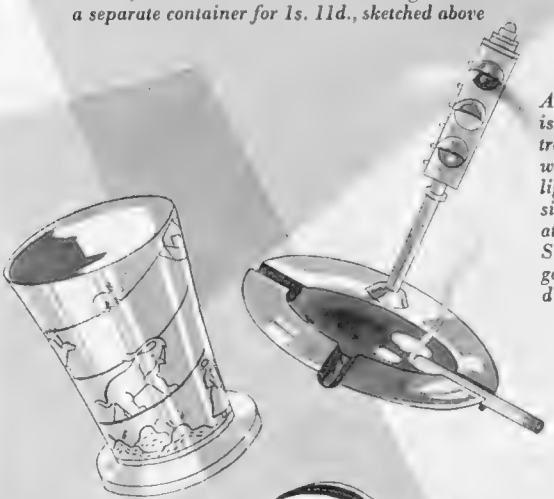
Discovered by Peta. Pictured by Paul.



Knitting enthusiasts will welcome this patent wool-winder from the haberdashery section at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. It only costs 2s. 6d., and when the wool is wound it goes into a separate container for 1s. 11d., sketched above



The fashion for making-up with mascara and lipstick has brought about a new kind of handkerchief which is half-black and half-red. It is made of fine lawn, and costs 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

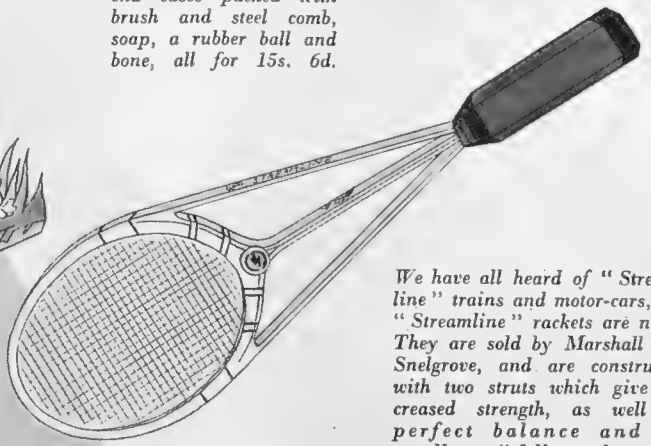


A warning to motorists is provided by the ash-tray on the left, complete with coloured traffic lights. It is made of silver, and may be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, Ltd., together with many other delightful gifts

Vanity among dogs is evidently to be encouraged, as Marshall and Snelgrove are showing special Morocco-finished week-end cases packed with brush and steel comb, soap, a rubber ball and bone, all for 15s. 6d.

This silver beaker for children is engraved with Noah's Ark and a procession of animals. It may be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, Ltd., 112, Regent Street

The story of "Humpty Dumpty" is one which never fails to appeal to the young mind, so what could be more appropriate for the nursery than this wooden clock from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, Ltd.? It is electrically run and keeps perfect time



We have all heard of "Streamline" trains and motor-cars, but "Streamline" rackets are news. They are sold by Marshall and Snelgrove, and are constructed with two struts which give increased strength, as well as perfect balance and an excellent "follow through"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf: By Alan Thomas

In Defence of Haig

After reading what Mr. Lloyd George had to say about Haig one naturally waited with some impatience for Mr. Duff Cooper's reply. And now that we have it in the second volume of *Haig* (Faber and Faber; 25*s*.), one realises at once the limitations that the necessity of making a reply imposes upon the writer of an official biography. Rightly or wrongly, one is left with the impression that instead of feeling himself free to give a dispassionate account of the man he is writing about, Mr. Duff Cooper has had constantly to bear in mind that what was expected of him was a defence. And a defence he has given us. "That Haig's views on strategy were sound," he writes, "it has been the main thesis of this book to prove."

This second volume carries the story from the close of the Battle of the Somme in 1916 to the end of Haig's life. For many people the chief interest will lie in the seventy-five pages on the genesis and battle of Passchendaele. Broadly speaking, the causes which rendered it imperative for the British Army to fight then and fight there were, first, that the French Army could no longer be relied upon; second, that Admiral Jellicoe had declared that unless the Belgian ports were recaptured the war could not go on; and third, that Russia was still by way of remaining a combatant and was retaining a good many German divisions on her frontier. As to the mud, "there was no reason to suppose the country, although low-lying and marshy, would become impossible to fight upon." Whether this last argument—the argument of bad luck—holds as much water as the plains of Flanders did, is a question for the experts: but I have always understood that G.H.Q. had not been left in the dark as to what might happen if the drainage system in the Ypres area were blown to bits.

As to the Battle of Cambrai, "it would be a mistake to think that the battle had accomplished nothing." (As a participant in the fun, I am afraid I was guilty of that thought.) "Enemy divisions destined for the Italian front were diverted to Cambrai, and at a most critical period in the stand on the Piave the German concentration against Italy was suspended for at least a fortnight."

"Haig," writes Mr. Duff Cooper, "was as good a general as it is possible for a man without genius ever to become." The truth is, there has been so much controversy about Haig that we of this generation can hardly form a true judgment. In this, as in other matters, our children will have the advantage of us.

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Haig's Biographer

Mr. Duff Cooper, the Secretary for War, has just published the second volume of his biography of Earl Haig, which promises to create as much controversy among experts and laymen as the first volume. Alan Thomas reviews the "apologia" on this page

All Miss Stella Gibbons's many qualities as a writer, her quick wit, her delicious irony, her powers of invention, and, above all, her ability to create flesh-and-blood characters, are abundantly displayed in her new book, *Miss Linsey and Pa* (Longmans; 7*s*. 6*d*.). Pa is an old man and Miss Linsey is getting on when their greengrocery business fails, and they have to move to basement rooms in Camden Town. Miss Linsey kept the two of them by working as a daily maid, and the book is mainly about these jobs of hers and the affairs of her employers. The pages are crowded with vivid portraits of people of all sorts—good, bad, and odd. All are grouped round Miss Linsey with her kind heart and her passion for helping. She lost her first job with two women novelists because she could not resist helping the nice one to escape from the sinister passion of the nasty one. She lost another post as nurse to the little daughter of an egregious couple with ultra-modern views because she broke the rules and told the child Bible stories. Then she helped a cousin to find the girl he had loved and lost in the war. Finally, disaster overtakes her, but Miss Gibbons provides the happy ending that this good fairy of Camden Town deserves.

There is more than one nymph-errant in Mr. James Laver's latest novel, *Panic Among Puritans* (Heinemann; 7*s*. 6*d*.), and Venus is well in the foreground. He has chosen a theme—you will enjoy the book more if I leave you to find out what it is—which responds admirably to the highly seductive atmosphere with which he surrounds it. It is enough to say that through the pages of this satirical fantasy there trips a succession of undraped or diaphanously-clothed divinities whose appearance and behaviour—well, I can't do better than refer you to the title of this *conte drolatique*. As you probably guess, this is not a book for prudes. Nor is it particularly witty. The satire, on the whole, is rather conventional, and the story is too slight and wispy to serve any serious purpose. But Mr. Laver's art lies in his delicate and half-ingenuous treatment of ideas which, in less expert hands, would seem to be merely vulgar. The fun, if not furious, is fast.

In *Can the Doctor Come?* (Hodder and Stoughton; 10*s*. 6*d*.) Dr. Einar Wallquist gives an idea of what life is like north of the Arctic Circle. Conditions have certainly improved since the outbreak of the influenza epidemic in 1920, when the Swedish authorities awoke to the necessity of organising the care of the sick in Lapland. But even so, there are plenty of snags. "Snowstorms still rage with undiminished power. The cracking spring ice is treacherous and many are the journeys that have to be made over pathless screes and soggy marshes, with rain pouring down in sheets, to the next poor cottage miles away." Dr. Wallquist's stories of the fight he is putting up against the ills of the flesh as well as the obstacles of nature are simply told and full of human interest. The book is illustrated by snapshots, some of which might well have been enlarged.

But if you want something nearer home you will like to know of Mr. H. V. Morton's little book entitled *Our Fellow Men* (Methuen; 3*s*. 6*d*.). Years ago Mr. Morton came across an old book published in 1840 called *The Heads of the English* and containing character sketches—drawings as well as letterpress—of our great-grandparents.

This fascinating volume led Mr. Morton to draw some more "portraits of the English," including such familiar figures as the Taximan, the Booking Clerk, the Newsboy, and the Postman, and, less familiar, perhaps, the Projectionist, the "Magpie," the Tug Master, and the S Class Clerk. How do they do their work? What do they earn? How do they live? What do they think of you and me? A book like this cannot fail to interest anyone who pursues man's proper study.

Wicked NEW shade!
"HAWAIIAN"
A brilliant, vivid brighter red

Tattoo your Lips!

"HAWAIIAN"

Soft Enchantment from the South Seas

Daring, devastating, fetching — the gorgeous red of the wild Hibiscus flower. The new TATTOO "HAWAIIAN" makes other lipsticks seem pale and lifeless. It is definitely *indelible!* Never never turns purplish on the lips. Tattoo your lips with this killing, thrilling, *red* red! Demure though coaxing — the biggest lip-thrill yet! And four other ravishing Tattoo shades! TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the colour stays. There are your lips stained with transparent, luscious alluring colour. No pasty, greasy coating — and no dry, puckered lips! Flatter your lips . . . with TATTOO!

4/6

Made by Tattoo Ltd.

"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red! Vivid, impudently daring; yet soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Dreamed of since lipsticks were first made. *Positively* won't turn purplish.

"CORAL" has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective. It is our choice of them all.

"NATURAL" is a medium shade. It is a true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette.

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth that is truly amazing.

At this TATTOO *Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere, you can actually test on your own skin all the* TATTOO *shades*

TATTOO

DISTRIBUTORS: FASSETT & JOHNSON, LIMITED, 86, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1. TELEPHONE: CLERKENWELL 2336

Nude Interlude *(Cont. from page 336)*

Well this was pretty serious. Nudism was in full bloom at Castledonald. It had been the most successful of all Mrs. Ogilvy Jones's fads and to abandon it now would be to lose at one stroke the favoured position he had gained in Castledonald society. Well he thought and thought. And finally he went to call on Mrs. Ogilvy Jones and said Dear Mrs. Ogilvy Jones I am in a quandary.

My dear Robert said Mrs. Ogilvy Jones you can count on me. I was sure of it said Mr. Widgeon and I will tell you straight out that firmly as I believe in the principles of nudism I feel that the world is not yet ripe for it and in short we must abandon it.

What! said Mrs. Ogilvy Jones. My dear boy have you lost your senses?

Hear me out said Mr. Widgeon impressively. You have converted all Castledonald to nudism. Neighbouring towns are following your distinguished lead. Give us a little time and we can sweep the country. The country? Nay the world. Am I not right?

Yes said Mrs. Ogilvy Jones proudly. And then Mr. Widgeon looked very sad and he said Ah yes dear Mrs. Ogilvy Jones but do you realise all the suffering we will cause? Why we will be taking the livelihood away from millions of men. For he said what will happen to the tailors and the dressmakers and the clothing manufacturers? For the clothing industry is the fourth or fifth biggest in the country or maybe it 's the eighth—anyway it 's pretty big. And he said it ramifies something fierce for think of all the hatters and the stocking makers and pants pressers and shoe salesmen and yarn spinners and thread winders and sheep herders and button makers and fashion magazine editors and cotton pickers and——. Yes yes said Mrs. Ogilvy Jones. Your sympathetic heart does you honour but after all these people will adjust themselves in time will they not? And then said Mr. Widgeon there are the stock holders in woollen mills and knitting mills and clothing factories and so on for capital will suffer as well as labour.

Ah said Mrs. Ogilvy Jones. That is true and she became thoughtful. And then she said suddenly Robert you are right for we cannot perpetrate this fearful injustice upon millions of innocent people. Ah said Mr. Widgeon I knew that your noble heart could never wilfully harm your countrymen. It bleeds for them said Mrs. Ogilvy Jones but I am a practical woman and we must have something with which to replace nudism. Well Mr. Widgeon said he had thought of that. And he took a piece of soap from his pocket and carved it with his penknife into a little figure which did not look like anything much but was unmistakably an animal. Soap sculpture he said is a new art and there are for it therefore as yet neither technique nor criteria of taste and so it is the ideal art for the person with temperament but no training. Charming said Mrs. Ogilvy Jones. Now ordinary soap went on Mr. Widgeon slips from the hand of the carver as well as the bather. But Widgeon Soap (The Soap You Want When You Want It) being mounted on a little mooring pedestal is ideal for the artist and gives also a finished effect to the completed work. I shall he said be only too glad to contribute as many cakes of Widgeon Soap mounted on our de luxe chromium base as you believe would be necessary for a soap-sculpturing tournament should you care to promote one. And speaking of soap he said although this has nothing to do with the subject under discussion I have here a few shares of Widgeon Soap which I have been intending to beg you to accept in token of my appreciation of your noble efforts in bringing nudism before the American people.

Well Mrs. Ogilvy Jones thanked him for the stock and said she was indeed delighted with his idea. And she gave not one but a series of tournaments and everybody got so interested in soap sculpture that nudism fell into disrepute although it was still practised occasionally on the quiet in some of the more conservative homes. And from Castledonald soap sculpture spread all over Long Island and then it rolled slowly westward engulfing the middle west and a year later was taken up by Hollywood. The American Society of Soap Sculptors was formed with Mrs. Ogilvy Jones as President and exhibitions were given yearly and the sales of Widgeon Soap increased so enormously that Mr. Widgeon at last got the medal awarded yearly by the Allied Soap Manufacturers to the person who had done most to further the cause of soap among the American people.

Mr. Widgeon never did much sculpture himself but he always had on his desk a little nude figure carved out of soap. All the people in the office had been given to understand that it represented Success. But people from Castledonald who saw it said it was Mrs. Widgeon. And they ought to know.

THE END.

More people are buying Riley cars

especially the new Nine

and the 6-light Adelphi

THE sales of Riley cars this year are considerably in excess of previous years'. We are not quite sure that we would prefer that regularity of output and unvarying level of price which for a decade has been the wonder and envy of many a manufacturer; but it would seem that in the re-designed, improved Nine at £269 and the 5-seater 6-light Adelphi at £350 we have "pulled off a double." That is unusual in the motor trade and no doubt accounts for the mild boom in Rileys at the present time. It also indicates that they are both very good cars for the money. Dunlop Tyres, and Triplex Glass all round. Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

"All old friends and jolly good company"

The Assortment includes Osborne, Thin Arrowroot, Butter Fingers, Marie, Petit Beurre, Finger Digestive, all the well-tried favourites whose names are household words. . .

— That's "Standard Kinds" made by Huntley & Palmers. Buy an assortment of really good biscuits—all famous "old friends" in a single half pound — old friends are always the best.

Huntley & Palmers

"STANDARD KINDS" ASSORTED

1/3 PER LB.

Made by Huntley and Palmers—so you know they're the best.

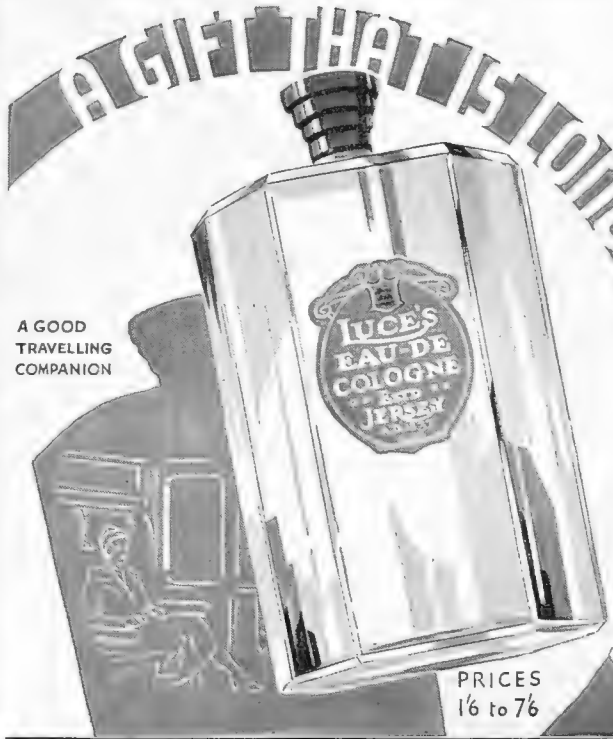
IN DEVON-NOW

To be at the Palace when Springtime mellows into Summer is an unforgettable experience. Somehow the golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, gymnasium, swimming pool, sun lounges, ballroom, cinema, cabarets and all the things we include in the terms don't seem to matter. Why should we try to compete with Nature in her most lavish mood? One feels almost that it is a privilege to have a hotel here at all!

PALACE TORQUAY

Phone: Torquay 2271

A GIFT THAT IS LONG REMEMBERED



A GOOD TRAVELLING COMPANION

PRICES 1/6 to 7/6

LUCE'S Estd. 1837. JERSEY

EAU DE COLOGNE

LUCE'S FLORAL PERFUMES - JERSEY LILY, GARDENIA, ETC. - 1/ 3/ 5/

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Man's View of the Curtis Cup Match

R. H. Oppenheimer, who has played for England and who, although he had won several medals at St. Andrews, had not previously won the premier prize at either the Spring or the Autumn meeting, went one better this year by winning the Silver Cross of St. Andrews, the first scratch prize at the Spring meeting. His score of 75 was neither very good nor very bad; it might have been considerably better, as he never had to play out of sand, and if he had not had one or two putting lapses on the sodden greens he would have returned an exceptionally good card. L. G. Crawley won the Bombay Silver Medal, the second scratch prize, with a score of 77. Captain C. G. B. Stevens had a chance of tying with Oppenheimer, but took four putts on the 18th green. The weather conditions were unfavourable; there was a "haar," quite a strong wind, and the greens were covered with and retained moisture on top, which made it difficult to hit the ball hard enough to reach the hole; but on the other hand, there was no danger of running past the hole and missing the putt back, a thing it is very easy to do at St. Andrews in dry, or even normal conditions. There is little doubt that the Old Course will be in first-class order for the Amateur Championship; the greens have lately been dressed, and when the Medal was played, the dressings had not had time to be washed in. A very great improvement has been made at the 6th hole, which will be appreciated by both players and spectators during the Championship, by the construction of a wide path from the sixth tee through the gorse on the right; consequently, now you can walk from the 6th tee to your ball in safety and comfort, instead of being peppered by the balls of those playing the 13th hole. This path will also be of great assistance to the stewards who will attempt to manage the various galleries. You have probably heard of the mound which has been constructed near the 11th tee to provide a natural grand-stand; I am afraid it will be of very little assistance, as it will only accommodate about one hundred spectators

R. Rutherford (Royal Wimbledon) and E. B. Tipping (Royal Ashdown Forest) were two of the twelve entries for the Metropolitan Cup at Walton Heath. Their aggregates in the thirty-six holes' qualifying test were 156 and 153 respectively

R. W. Upex (Shirley Park) and W. K. Clarke (Walton Heath): in the qualifying round on the old and new courses they scored respectively 85 (old) + 82, and 90 (old) + 78. Upex met Grant-Govan in the match play, and Clarke met Tipping

As everyone knows, the Curtis Cup match between the lady golfers of the United States of America and Great Britain was halved, each side winning four matches, and halving one. For the first time in any of

(Continued on page xii)

LLOYDS BANK
LIMITED

1677

TRAVEL

Many of the questions that have to be settled prior to a journey are not such as can be dealt with by a Bank, but Lloyds Bank can, by means of Letters of Credit and Travellers Cheques, greatly facilitate journeys in any part of the world and obviate the risk of loss or theft which arises when large sums of money are carried. The Bank will also relieve customers of the tedious business of obtaining passports.

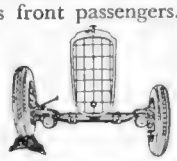
Information on this subject is obtainable through any Branch of the Bank.

Head Office:
71 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3

Five outstanding features in one car?

1 INDEPENDENT SPRINGING

Changes riding into gliding and provides the smoothest motoring ever experienced, for back seat as well as front passengers.

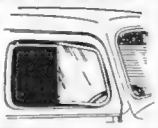


2 CONTROLLED SYNCHRO-MESH

The Automatically Controlled Synchro-Mesh gear box means a faultless change. No pausing, no judging of engine speed—yet you cannot clash your gears.

3 NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION

All the fresh air you want without draughts or rain beating in. Every passenger controls the ventilation in his or her part of the car.



4 BODY CONFORMITY SEATING

So form-fitting that it is as good as made-to-measure seating. Said to be the most comfortable car seat ever invented.

5 OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE

10 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h.—on top gear—in 10 1/5 seconds. 10 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. — through the gears—in 5 4/5 seconds. Stand to 50 m.p.h.—through the gears—in 20 seconds. *vide "AUTOCAR"*

—*only* Vauxhall *has them all*

That is why so many motorists have said, "We tried the others . . . but we chose a Vauxhall."

Before you decide on your next car we hope you will drive *all* the cars that interest you. By doing so you can make real comparisons and judge values; you can get first hand *experience* of Vauxhall's five outstanding features and the many other points that, owners say, make for completely satisfying motoring.

And—we would suggest that you confirm your first impressions by asking a Vauxhall owner for his views on performance, roominess and running economy. What he says will carry more conviction than any words of ours.

Any Vauxhall dealer will be pleased to place a car at your disposal for a long trial run.

VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX 12 h.p. or 14 h.p.
Six different body styles. Saloons from **£205**

Vauxhall
LIGHT SIX

Fully descriptive literature, the written experiences of Vauxhall owners and full information of the Vauxhall & General extended payment plan are readily available from any Vauxhall dealer or from Vauxhall Motors Limited, Luton, Beds.

If you want a bigger car there is the Vauxhall Big Six. 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. Prices from £325 to £550.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(*Continued from page x*)

our golf matches against the United States of America, the captains decided to play what they thought were the best available teams, and abandoned the stupid custom of their predecessors of playing the reserves in either the singles or foursomes. (This custom was responsible for our defeat in one Walker Cup match.) I do not think we are justified in congratulating ourselves on the result. Circumstances over which we had no control came to our assistance, as the weather on the day of the match could not have been more unfavourable for American golfers, who are accustomed to playing in few clothes and hot sunshine. There was a heavy Scottish mist, and it was bitterly cold. Even the natives complained about the cold, and when a Scotsman feels the cold you can be quite sure that it is very, very cold. Some of our opponents wore overcoats between their shots. The American lady golfers will certainly never doubt the truth of our saying, "Ne'er cast a clout till May is out." The greens held the moisture on top, and the balls, when struck on them, raised a stream of water; in these conditions the really good putter with a delicate touch is at a disadvantage.

W. C. Carr and C. Tolley

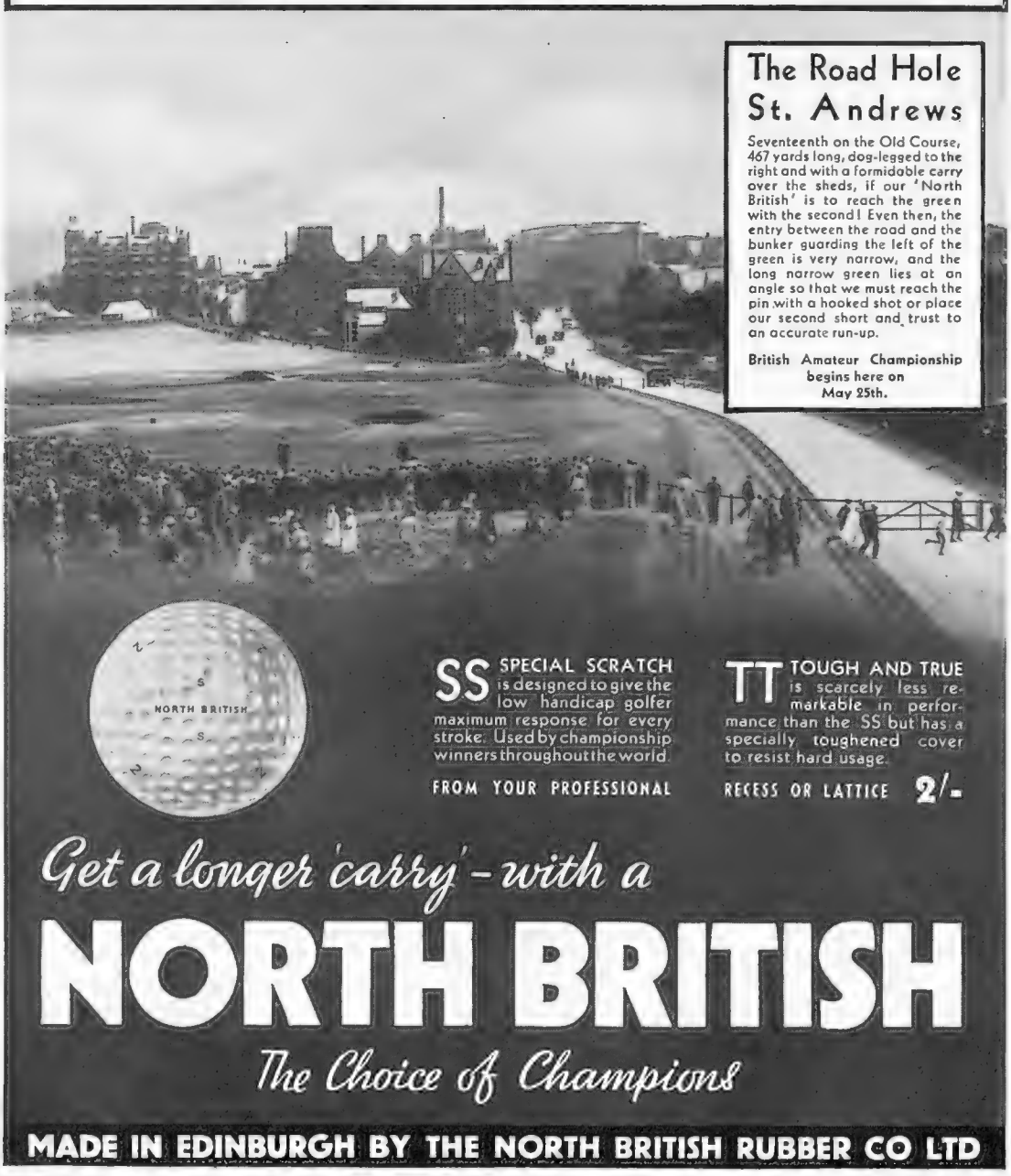
Cyril Tolley (Royal and Ancient) set up a new amateur record over the Old Course at Walton Heath during the qualifying round for the Metropolitan Shield. His score was 70 and 74; W. C. Carr (Walton Heath) finished with 78 and 81

FROM what I had seen of the two teams, I thought the Americans would win again if reasonable weather conditions were experienced, and I still hold this view. As it turned out, we actually did not require the services of Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp (in the foursomes).

With either one or the other on our team we would probably have been successful, even if the weather conditions had been favourable to our opponents; and if both these ladies had been included, I think we would have won. The omission of Miss Fishwick caused just as great surprise among the golfers of America as it did among those of Great Britain. It is difficult to think of a course better adapted to our opponents' play than the King's Course at Gleneagles; on a seaside links we would have had considerably more chance of success. Americans have practically no opportunities of playing on a seaside links in their own country, and naturally do not understand play on links as well as we do. Miss Helen Hicks, one of America's leading lady golfers, is reported to have described, in 1932, the links at Saunton as a cow pasture, an opinion shared by few golfers, and certainly not by any cows. Miss Jessie Anderson has been hailed as the heroine of the match, and she certainly played and fought most bravely, and finally, with the last shot played, holed a putt of well over five yards to win her match and save our necks; but she had been naughty earlier in her match and thrown away glorious chances by weak putting. It always seems strange to me that players who get themselves into a mess by their own mistakes, and then manage to extricate themselves at the end of the match by a spectacular shot, should receive more credit and praise than those who have played so well that they have not given their opponents a chance.

AT Gleneagles most credit should go to Mrs. Garon, who played magnificently all day; she won her single with the utmost ease, the result being seven and six, and played well enough in her foursome to win with ordinary support from her partner. Our champion, Miss Wanda Morgan, who is an extremely good golfer, could do little right, and, as in 1932, had another bad Curtis Cup match. I am afraid Miss Morgan, like many other good golfers, lacks the temperament necessary for big occasions in international golf. Mrs. A. M. Holm, on the other hand, had a very good match, played very well, and was successful in both her single and foursome without being fully extended. Mrs. Holm has a good chance of winning the ladies' Championship again this year.

'North British' Famous Hazards Series



PORTS OF PLEASURE...

Take a P. & O. Cruise to the Northern Capitals this summer. See how history goes hand in hand with modernity ... quaint customs and sweeping modern architecture planned to make the most of air and sun ... peoples eager for progress, yet with a lasting respect for tradition. These gay, prosperous cities, offering endless pleasures to holiday-makers, will be visited during the cruises programmed for the P. & O. "Viceroy of India" this Summer.

VICEROY OF INDIA

20,000 TONS

FIRST CLASS PASSENGERS ONLY

JUNE 19 London, Leith, Trondhjem, Hammerfest, Spitzbergen, Tromso, Narvik, Bergen, Leith, London. 14 days. Fares from 21 gns.

JULY 4 London, Leith, Stavanger, Oystese, Molde, Aandalsnes, Oie, Hellesylt, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Laerdal, Aardal, Gudvangen, Bergen, Leith, Southampton. 14 days. Fares from 21 gns.

JULY 31 Southampton, Havre, Gothenburg, Stockholm, Helsingfors, Gdynia, Zoppot, Copenhagen, London. 14 days. Fares from 21 gns.

The attractive P. & O. booklet giving details of nineteen Spring and Summer Cruises may be had on application

P&O

LONDON OFFICES
14, COCKSPUR STREET, S W 1
13), LEADENHALL STREET, E C 3.
AUSTRALIA HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2
or Local Agents.

THE BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,
32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.
Telephone: Central 1010.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Revised from January 1, 1935)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, including Xmas Number.	Six Months, No Extras.	Three Months, No Extras.
Inland	£ 3 0 10	£ 1 11 6	£ 1 9 3	s. 14 d. 9
Canada	£ 3 0 8	£ 1 10 6	£ 1 9 3	s. 14 d. 9
Elsewhere Abroad	£ 3 5 0	£ 1 13 8	£ 1 11 4	s. 15 d. 9

In all cases including postage

ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
ILLUSTRATED HOUSE,
32-34, St. Bride Street,
London, E.C.4.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER
weekly for.....months
commencing with the issue of
.....
for which I enclose.....
Name.....
Address.....
Date.....1936.

Postage Rates : **INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.**

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS

Rendells

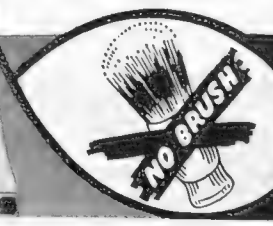
APPROVED BY DOCTORS

FAMOUS FOR FIFTY YEARS

PORTRAIT OF A MAN
ENJOYING A BETTER SHAVE
WITHOUT A BRUSH
THAN HE EVER GOT WITH ONE

He's using COLGATE'S *Brushless* SHAVE CREAM

The *new* shave is here—the new shave that's cut down the time and trouble of shaving to a level never before believed possible! Colgate's experts produced it, after two years of experimenting, in the form of the *perfect* brushless cream—the brushless cream that proves at last you can get a better shave without a brush than you ever got with one! Of course you can—when you've this brushless cream that never gets lumpy in spreading, or clogs the razor—never leaves the least trace of shininess or stickiness! You simply spread it on—then shave it off as quick as you put it on—and enjoy the extra after-shave comfort it gives. It's so easy. Try it once—and you'll never go back to any other way of shaving!



6D & 1/-
GIANT SIZE 1/6

Empire Air Day and the R.A.F.

By Charles Ward

Mrs. Marjorie McCall, of Johannesburg, with Mr. Tony Downing outside the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo. He flies regularly for London Films

Aerodromes Open to the Public

On Saturday next, May 23rd, Empire Air Day is being celebrated at most R.A.F. aerodromes and at all civil flying centres. It is the one occasion during the year when the public has an opportunity to go behind the scenes. The Service makes a special effort on that day to interest people in the locality of each station, and there is a special incentive in that the proceeds of the Day are given to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Last year the amount contributed was £4500, a very useful sum. The Air League, and particularly its Secretary-General, Air Commodore Chamier, is to be congratulated on a brilliant idea which has caught the public imagination. The only change in the general programme from last year is that very few factories will be open for inspection, owing to pressure of work under the Expansion Scheme. Otherwise, it is safe to assume that at every aerodrome there will be a flying display and something to see on the ground. There are cheap rail tickets within a 30-mile radius of Service stations.

The Flight of the "Gull"

Once again Mrs. Amy Mollison has proved her skill as a navigator and her exceptional powers of endurance. At the time of writing she is on the last stage of the homeward journey from the Cape, which she reached by the West Coast route in 78½ hours. Recent political events in East Africa have focussed expert attention on the alternative "line" to South Africa which Mrs. Mollison followed. It is not planned on the ground, pilots having to choose their landing-places according to petrol capacity and weather; but a considerable number of flights have been made down the West Coast, involving also a crossing of the Sahara. There is a Franco-Belgian air route to the Congo and an Imperial Airways link from Khartoum to Nigeria, which crosses it at right angles. Much equipment would be needed south of the Equator to make the line suitable for commercial traffic, but it can be only a matter of a few years before this is properly organised, as the route is at least 1000 miles shorter than the "All Red" line. The Vega "Gull" used on this 78½-hour record flight averaged 147 miles an hour with its Gipsy "Six," an interesting contrast to the first flight to South Africa less than sixteen years ago, which took 43 days. Even ten years ago, when Sir Alan Cobham flew back from the Cape, it was considered a good feat that he beat the Union Castle mail steamer by a day, taking 15 days.

A Reserve of Private Pilots

The National League of Airmen is planning to create a reserve pool of private pilots from which the

(Continued on page xvi)

Ask your Travel Agent for the new illustrated Time Table or apply direct to Air France, 52, Haymarket, S.W.1

L. G. MOTORS [STAINES] LIMITED, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND. Telephone: Staines 1122 (4 lines).

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

LUCERNE SWITZERLAND

THE SCHWEIZERHOF

FOR COMFORT AND SERVICE

Inclusive Terms from One Guinea

GOLF—18 HOLES FAMILY O. HAUSER, Proprs.

WELCOMBE HOTEL STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

A Luxurious Guest House in the heart of Shakespeare's Country

Full particulars and Tariff from L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1, Arthur Towle, Controller

EXPRESS SERVICES BY L M S

Empire Air Day and the R.A.F.

(*Continued from page* xiv)

Government could obtain trained recruits in time of national emergency. The scheme, known as the Business Houses Flying Clubs, has been approved in principle by the Air Ministry, and each section will qualify for a subsidy to reduce the cost of flying for its members. It depends on the support of young men willing to pay five shillings a week, decreasing after the first year to three shillings a week, for flying training, and the willingness of business houses to subsidise their own flying members. The Midland Bank has formed one of the first clubs, with a membership of 300. The low cost of the scheme is made more possible through the use of the "Aeronca," which is priced at £400 with spares. It is a thoroughly efficient little 'plane, recently well proved by a delivery flight from London to Johannesburg. No doubt other cheap light aircraft will be available very shortly. There is the "Praga" in which H. L. Brook, of Harrogate, is flying to the Cape. This is of similar power—40 horses—cruises at 80, and will sell at £385.

Light 'Plane News

THE move towards cheaper flying is taking definite shape, with the "Aeronca" and the "Praga" being built by large public companies. Both types are cabin two-seaters, side by side, and their running costs are about half those for the higher-powered 'planes in the 120-horse-power class. For flying over relatively short distances, local touring and for instruction, they seem to be excellent propositions. The "Flea" is rather under a cloud at the moment. There are certain points in its design which may cause trouble when the construction has been carried out by unskilled labour, and the Air League is pressing for an Air Ministry trial at Farnboro'. The hold-up seems to be caused for the reason that Farnboro' doesn't carry out trials free of charge and the expense of tests may be very considerable. As most of the "Fleas" have been built by people having very little money, the Air Ministry might stretch a point in this case by allowing a free trial, otherwise there will be more regrettable accidents.

At the Schools

IN spite of April showers and the Easter holiday, Air Service Training put in 1344 hours' flying at Hamble last month. The Second A.S.T. School, which has been operating at the Southampton Airport, has returned to its permanent quarters at Ansty, near Coventry. At Brooklands, flying hours are well over the hundred-hour mark each week, and amongst recent first soloists was Clifford Mollison, the well-known actor. Seven machines took part in the Dawn Patrol to Hanworth, and two of these won free breakfasts. The Archduke and Archduchess Anton of Hapsburg have been at Heston with their twin Gipsy-engined monoplane, built in Austria to the Archduke's own designs. He is quite a useful pilot and uses the machine regularly for tours of Europe.

Captain C. E. Lynch Blosse, Chief Constable of Leicestershire, is flying solo at the local aero club. He anticipates the day, not far distant, when 'planes will be in general use to fight crime, and believes in being prepared to direct operations from the air himself

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (13th Year)

at Turnberry G.C. (Arran Course), JUNE 9 to 12, 1936

Holders: Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell.

Entries close Friday, May 22nd. Enter NOW

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, May 22nd.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire,* where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day inclusive.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Turnberry during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

TURNBERRY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by Friday, May 22nd, 1936.

The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry, June 9th, 1936, and following days.

Please enter
Mrs. }
Miss } .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap.* .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. }
Miss } .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap.* .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after June 4th to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone: 2 Turnberry.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON MAY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in Great Britain by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, May 20, 1936. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

A SHOP OF THE FIRST WATER!

HERE at Marshall's you will find unexpected kinds of Sea Suits and all sorts of novel garments to wear when you're watching the fun.

ATTRACTIVE Tyrolese Coatee, hand embroidered on linen with revers of contrasting colour. Colours: White/embroidered navy, Red/embroidered multi colours, Green/embroidered multi colours, Navy/embroidered white. Sizes: 36 and 38. Price **79/6**

"Forma" Trousers in wool. White, Navy and Brown. Waist sizes: 26, 28, 30. Price 30/-

SUN-TOP of wool in many good colourings. Navy/White, Red/Black, etc. Price **12/6**

Linen Shorts, as pictured. Navy, Sky, and White. Price 12/9

Several other styles and sizes. In linen, wool, and suiting.

Beachwear Salon — First Floor

Marshall & Snelgrove

Tel: Mayfair 6600 Debenhams Ltd

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON.W.1.

London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

SKETCHES BY MOLLY BISHOP

The Ritz

SOME artist ought to make a picture of the Ritz when the cabaret's going on—it's fascinating to look across to the back of the room where the central magnolia-tree cuts into the two spot-light beams, and the smoke from a score of cigarettes drifts up in blue or gold spirals from the shadowy tables. (Incidentally, the smoke that collects under the ceiling of any restaurant would alarm a railway engine.)

The new cabaret star here is Lyne Clevers, who has come from Chez Odette, Paris. She's bubbling with personality and quick wits, and soon discovered what songs pleased her English audience and how much spice they'd take. She's liable, judging by her success the last two weeks, to be here some time.

Rawicz and Landauer get more encores than ever; their piano-playing is brilliant, and they, too, know just how to turn their concert into a cabaret act. On Sunday evenings they give real concerts—that is to say, a short programme of classical music during dinner; it is well worth coming back from the country in time to hear them.

Sun-spots permitting, we hear the terrace looking on the Green Park really is going to be open this year. It'll hold about ten tables. As one can't usually get a table inside without booking, those terrace tables will probably be in reservation for days ahead.

Inimitable Aletto

Aletto and Charlie resemble, each in his own way, the electric traffic lights outside the Ritz. For while (inside) Aletto controls the streams of visitors with quiet efficiency, Charlie lends bright colours to the scene with his incomparable compèreing

Indefatigable Charlie

What's On in the Theatre

CHOOSE THESE PLAYS—

BEES ON THE BOAT DECK.—Allegory: Priestley's "farcical" tragedy has Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Kay Hammond, and John Laurie in its tangled skein of allegorical fun: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BITTER HARVEST.—Biography: Byron is the subject of this character piece played by Eric Portman; continuous interest and lovely settings: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Thriller: tense right up to the last moment, thanks to the acting of Frank Vosper and Marie Ney in this Bluebeard tale: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Period: Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—History: Sherriff and Miss de Casalis wrote it about Napoleon's last days; Keneth Kent plays the Emperor—a fine piece of reconstruction: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30 (last three days).

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Side-splitter: the company is all-American, headed by Bernard Nedell and Romney Brent; the plot is simple, but oh! so funny: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Hors d'œuvres: Noel Coward's four sets of three playlets mustn't be missed—best light fare in town, with the author and Gertrude Lawrence in the leads: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

—AND THESE MUSICALS

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Revue: Cochran's is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 76.—Non-stop: Stafford and Marnitz, from the permanent orchestra, get into the limelight this week with a piano act; Gus Chevalier is joined by Hal Bryan in laugh-making, and there is a "Punch and Judy" ballet, as well as the ever-charming Revudebelles: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—Musical comedy: A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Revue: Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NOT FORGETTING THESE FIRST NIGHTS—

THE SEAGULL.—A firmament of stars joins to make this; Chekov wrote it, Komisarjevsky produces, John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, and Edith Evans act: New, to-night, 20th.

THE MIKADO.—Opens the D'Oyly Carte Gilbert and Sullivan season at Sadler's Wells: Mon., 25th.

—OR THIS OPERA AND BALLET

COVENT GARDEN OPERA:

DIE MEISTERSINGER.—Wed., 20th, 6.30.

DAS RHEINGOLD.—Thurs., 21st, 8.30.

DIE WALKÜRE.—Mon., 25th, 5.45.

LOUISE.—Tues., 26th, 7.30.

BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.—René Blum directs, Fokine produces and dances, with two new creations of his—L'EPREUVE D'AMOUR (Mozart) and DON JUAN (Gluck): Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

300 years tradition

IT is an art three hundred years old, the roasting and blending of Coffee in the traditional Viennese manner.

To-day English hostesses are learning that it adds distinction to their table to serve the favourite Coffee of Imperial Vienna. They realise too well that all their careful planning, the choicest wines, the rarest of liqueurs, and all the grace and loveliness of the setting are wasted unless their Coffee carries the same high note of luxury and tradition.

Blue Danube is a true "Viennese Coffee," roasted and blended as the Viennese learnt when Coffee first came to Europe from the East. It is stocked by all the best grocers, including THE ARMY AND NAVY, FORTNUM'S, HARRODS, INTERNATIONAL STORES, ROBERT JACKSON, SELFRIDGES, ETC.

BLUE DANUBE "Viennese Coffee"

The Dorchester

CABARET technique at the Dorchester improves with every edition of Midnight Follies—and we've lost count how many this new one makes. "Snap" is a much better ingredient than "spectacularity," and this show, like its predecessor or two, is short, sophisticated, and satisfactory.

The Hollywood Starlets, now Londoners of five months' residence, have had an amusing opening number written for them by Gordon and Revel which gives them each a miniature turn and a chance of proving what starlets they are. "Hollywood in London," it's called, and it contains more wit than any floor show has aspired to till this minute. The girls are gay and lively, and have collected each a bunch of admirers, according to the Dorchester tradition.

Russell Swann, straight from New York's Waldorf-Astoria, is the new compère, and has some good bits of conjuring to take turns with his gags.

Raoul and Eva Reyes, two of Mr. Cochran's *Follow the Sun* dancers, are superbly good. Rudi Grasl isn't new to London, but his imitations of mandoline, saxophone, and the rest are good enough to carry a cabaret of their own. And then there are two new slapstick gents—Frank and Warren Lassiter. There seems to be an inexhaustible supply of brothers and partners who don't mind being hurt—or giving that impression, anyway.

Raoul and Eva Reyes are Cuban, and until recently Followed the Sun with Cochran. Now they are giving a ball-room dancing act at the Dorchester Cabaret — but much better than any ball-room dancing you or I have ever done

Raoul and Eva Reyes

FOR IRRESISTIBLE DANCE MUSIC !

EARLY application is advised for coming Winter Season.

PHILIP BROWN'S BAND

6 Livery St., Birmingham 3.

Write for Illustrated Brochure.

Carlton

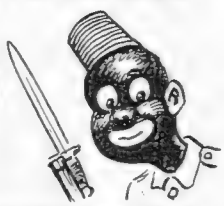
THE Carlton, redecorated with a charming new colour scheme and lighting, reopened its season of cabaret and dancing on May 12th, and most of London seemed to be there listening to René Tapponier and his band, for he is not only an excellent band-leader, but is a real musician as well. The electric stage is an innovation. Hope Minor and Eddie Root provide something new in dancing and partner each other delightfully, and Delvin mystifies by card and rope tricks, ably assisted by his love-bird, Sally.

SERGEANTS

ENGINEERS

ARTILLERY

GURKAS



EX-SOLDIERS

R.S.M.'S

STAFF

ALL DRINK SEAGERS GIN

THE SPIRIT OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Tapponier of the Carlton

Tapponier conducts the new Carlton Orchestra, and is an original amongst dance-band leaders—Swiss, looks like Pachmann, plays on a brass violin

Carlton Tuesdays are to be a feature of the season and are extension nights, and if the opening night was any criterion, the popularity of the Carlton as a supper-time rendezvous is assured.

San Marco

EACH recurring season brings with it alterations and innovations to restaurants that cater for London's amusement, and the San Marco will be a most popular rendezvous for the coming summer nights, as our old friend Dwight Fiske, fresh from America with a new collection of songs, will be opening a season here on June 8th, and Maurice Winnick and his band are coming back, and take over from Reginald Bristow on May 19th.

It seems hardly necessary to add that this charming Venetian setting of cream, blue, and glowing pink is the most subtly flattering of any in London—perhaps that 's one of the many reasons for its never-failing popularity.

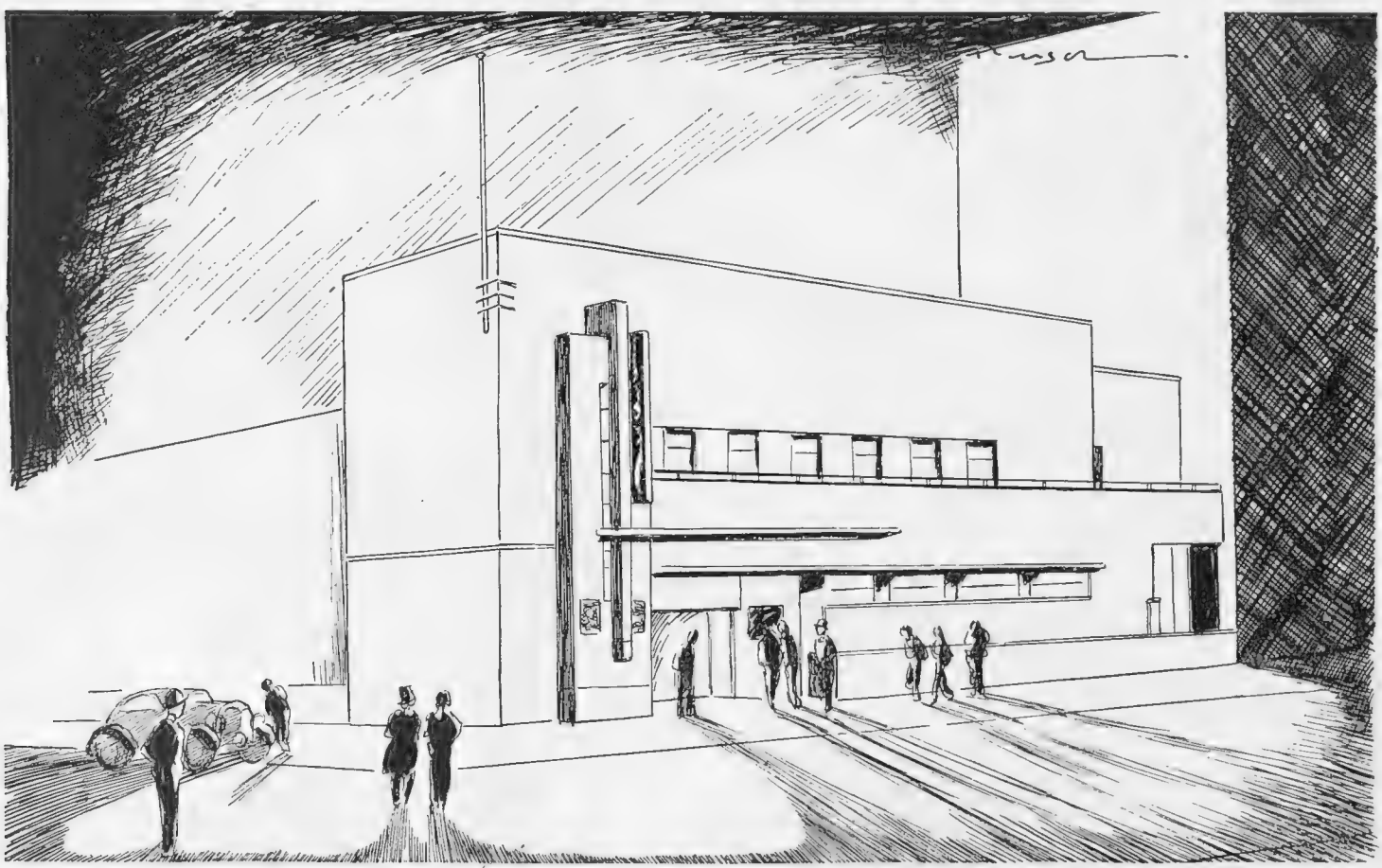
Miss Diana Mills

Has arrived back from Monte Carlo and was dining at the San Marco when Molly Bishop sketched her

Prunier's

THERE 's no " R " in May, but there are two in Prunier's, and there oysters are still in season. Not English ones, but the Brittany variety, either " relayed " (acclimatised to English beds) or direct from Belon, France's Breton Colchester, whence they arrive daily by air. These are good well into June. Portuguese oysters are in season even longer; they come (also by air) from the Girondian estuary, where they were first transplanted from their native rivers three hundred years ago.

From there also come the genuine American clams which Prunier's serves. They are capricious things, clams, and don't always stay put.



the curzon

TELEPHONE GROSVENOR 4100

THE SMARTEST CINEMA IN LONDON

The first ones brought from America and "planted" by the late M. Prunier in 1911 were lost till 1918, when they were rediscovered quite by chance, well established, but some considerable distance from where they'd last been seen. And they are the many-times-great-grandfathers of the ones you eat to-day in London.

Lately Mme. Prunier has had yet another new idea. This is her "On Prendra" Service—which means you can ring up Prunier's, order a dish or two to be ready at a certain time (orders for Sunday are taken on Saturday), and when that time comes, call or send for your order and eat it at home. There's a booklet describing the dishes obtainable and their prices, and also how to give them their final warming or dressing for table. Shellfish and oysters, caviare, soups, coquilles, pilaffs, sole and lobster dishes are some of the things you can have. Later on, delivery may also be part of the service. The idea seems an excellent one, and may solve many an emergency eating problem. Wine can also be supplied—but that's not new.

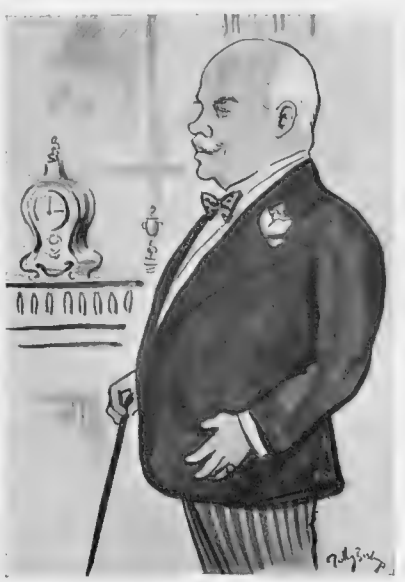
"Service On Prendra"

At Prunier's now you can order by telephone, collect or send for the goods, and receive them done up in neat little boxes, with a brochure telling you just how to cook fish dishes

New Clarges (Café Divan)

OFTEN in these days of snack-bars and quick lunches one's meals are not accorded the due thought and consideration they merit, but at the New Clarges (Café Divan) one finds this is not the case, for here is a truly restful atmosphere well suited to the enjoyment of a delightful luncheon or dinner, where one can converse in peace without the accompaniment of a band (or even a string orchestra), and where so obviously the luxuries of a perfect cuisine and noiseless service are primary concerns.

This excellent restaurant is much in demand for luncheon-parties, and last week saw the occasion of an impressive gathering to celebrate the coming-of-age of the Hon. David Fellowes, who numbered among his guests the Hon. Mme. Riccardo Assanti, Lord de Ramsey, Marchese Guilio Marconi, Donna Degna Marconi, the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Winifride Howard, Lady Camilla Acheson, Lady Anne Child-Villiers, Miss Shelagh Morrison Bell, and Mr. André Gazelle. Incidentally, it is here that one finds the famous "Harwath Special" cocktail, which is definitely something not to be



Head Man at the New Clarges

Mr. S. Harwath is the genius of Half Moon Street, especially now that the New Clarges Hotel has completed its reconstruction

TUESDAY NIGHTS AT THE
CARLTON
Dinner, Supper, Dancing and Exclusive Cabaret. :: Extension till 2 a.m.
DANCING NIGHTLY TO RÉNÉ TAPONNIER'S DANCE BAND
PALL MALL, S.W.1 WHITEHALL 7300

au RITZ
PICCADILLY W.1
A new Ritz — with cabaret stars to entertain you nightly. Dancing to JOE KAYE'S Ritz Band. Extension—Wednesday.
TELEPHONE: REGENT 8181

the Dorchester
MIDNIGHT FOLLIES

JEAN CARMEN

ONE OF THE

Le Roy Prinz

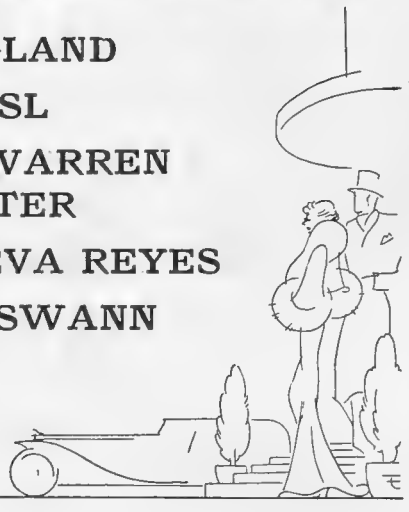
"HOLLYWOOD STARLETS"

APPEARING NIGHTLY AT
the dorchester

WITH

PAUL ENGLAND
RUDI GRASL
FRANK & WARREN LASSITER
RAOUL & EVA REYES
RUSSELL SWANN

DANCING TO
JACK JACKSON
AND HIS BAND



Managing Director Francis Towle

missed, as it is both soothing as well as stimulating and has a flavour all its own.

Bon Viveur

IF you look from now till Christmas, you couldn't find a nicer thing to do than have lunch at the Bon Viveur on a fine May-day. It 's the nearest thing imaginable to eating out of doors—windows and door open and a breeze just stirring the flowers on the tables—and the reflected sunlight *might* be filtering down through the branches of a big chestnut-tree. Imagination apart, it 's very pleasant—and things like fresh prawns and fresh strawberries always seem to be an inevitable part of someone's meal—preferably one's own.

There 've been some boom weeks lately. Nowadays, if you haven't booked a table, you don't bother to get out of your car or taxi till you 've called out to know if there 's room for you.

There must be something inventive in the Chapel Street air for people do keep on thinking of new kinds of parties

Stirrup-Cup at the Bon Viveur

to give here. The latest originality is a riding cocktail-party. Someone gave the first one a fortnight ago—brought a dozen or so of her friends (on their horses) after riding in the Row and they had cocktails and long drinks served to them about midday. The Bon Viveur succeeded in looking more like a French café than usual, and of course Davico concocted some kind of a stirrup-cup or horseman's snack for the occasion.

Curzon Cinema

IT is odd to look back on the horrific reactions of some locals to the idea of a cinema in Curzon Street. Really, it was going a bit too far. . . . Two years later the Curzon is still the most distinguished-looking building in several acres, and probably the most luxurious and exclusive small picture house in the world.

It was schemed to match up with the shops, restaurants, sleek, shining cars that Mayfair's mixture of fastidious taste and downright snobbery patronises, and it utterly succeeded—

TALE OF TWO CITIES

Prunier's "ON PRENDRA" Service . . . . . already popular in Paris, comes to London. There are times when it is a far, far better thing to enjoy Prunier's exclusive cuisine at home. Any speciality can now be taken away packed in convenient blue cartons. ★

OYSTERS ALL THE YEAR ROUND

PRUNIER RESTAURANT

AND ALL KINDS OF FISH AND CAVIARE

72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON
(Telephone: REGENT 1373/1374)

★ *Just the thing for your Derby Picnic.*

Irene Mann-Thompson was sketched by Molly Bishop at the Curzon Cinema

not least because the whole result can be bought for as little as 2s. 6d. per Pullman seat.

Premières there are always smart and gala, and other nights you can be sure of several things—a pretty good and often a supremely good film, an amusing audience, if you care about that, an exquisitely comfortable seat, and lighting and décor that 'll please you if you 're sensitive to such things. The list of pictures that have been screened here is impressive and cosmopolitan: *Farewell, Morgenrot, La Bandera, Bonne Chance* are a quartet of personal reminiscences.

Morning-dress and hat shows by Mayfair shops are a new idea, and very nicely clothes display themselves in this setting. The enormous collection that 's going out on the Queen Mary is being given a pre-view here to-morrow—not an event to attend unless you have your envy-mechanism well in control.

E. L.

Lunching at the Connaught

Rouson has drawn this sketch of the Connaught Hotel Restaurant, and it gives a good impression of the quiet excellence of a room panelled in mahogany and furnished with substantial leather chairs. This is the keynote of the whole of the Connaught Hotel (which, incidentally, has an impressive historical background); standing in impeccable Grosvenor Square, it offers a first-rate cuisine in restful surroundings

SAN MARCO ★

RESTAURANT

Come and Dance to

"The Sweetest Music this side of Heaven"

Commencing TUESDAY, 19th MAY

MAURICE WINNICK'S ★

ORCHESTRA with **JUDY SHIRLEY**

Every Evening from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

Commencing MONDAY, 8th JUNE

DWIGHT FISKE ★

WITH HIS GAY SONGS AT THE PIANO

NIGHTLY AT MIDNIGHT

LUNCHEON 6/6

DINNER 10/6, or à la Carte

SUPPER à la Carte

Managing Directors:
GORDON W. HALSEY
UMBERTO POSSENTI

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE,
MAYFAIR PLACE, W.1
MAYfair 4811

Telephone: GROS. 1150.

shepherd market, mayfair

le bon viveur

la cuisine par excellence

direction
v. davico

Drambuie

THE LIQUEUR OF OLD ROMANCE

Was brought to Scotland by a follower of Prince Charlie in 1745. The recipe was given to a Mackinnon of Skye, and the secret has ever since remained in one family. Originally obtainable only in Skye, it can now be procured at home and abroad from all First Class Establishments.

Prince Charlie Cocktail, the Cocktail of delightful distinctiveness, is made with one-third each of Drambuie, Cognac and fresh lemon.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.,
9, Union Street - - - - EDINBURGH.

New Clarges Hotel & Restaurant

Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

THE rebuilding of the last section of the Fleming's New Clarges Hotel is now completed. The new Half Moon Street Hall facilitates the entrance to the Restaurant-Café, Foyer, and Grill Room. The Hotel is now entirely Reconstructed, with large and small suites, and rooms with private baths, every modern equipment. The Restaurant, Foyer, Café and Grill in Clarges Street, are famous throughout Europe for their Excellent Cuisine and Wines; and specialize in Lobsters and every variety of fish. Cocktail hour 12 o'clock and 6 o'clock. Good car parking in Clarges Street. S. HARWATH.

Telephone: GROSVENOR 2964. Telegrams: CLARGHOTEL, AUDLEY, LONDON.

KNOW THE NEW IN SHOES . . .

Two smart examples from Marshall's collection

Walking Shoe in combination of Ribbed Suède and Calf, leather Cuban Heel, in Brown and Blue - - 55/-

Leather Heel Tie Shoe in the new Capella Calf Trimmed Crocodile, in Brown and Black 45/-

'BARE-KNEE' STOCKINGS

for wearing with Shorts

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S have all the new things *first* and they are displaying 'Bare-Knee' Silk Stockings. These have Lastex tops and come in many colours. **4/11** and **6/11** pair. 'Bare-Knee' Stockings are also made with sandal soles for evening wear.

Marshall & Snelgrove

Tel. Mayfair 6600 Debenhams Ltd

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON W.1.

Amber, grey, cherry, navy, powder blue, green - - 18/9

at Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., London, S.W.1. *SLOane 3440*

To FASTIDIOUS PEOPLE

THE use of Listerine Brand Antiseptic has become a daily routine with fastidious people throughout the country. For an antiseptic of such admitted potency (the *Lancet* confirms that it kills 600 million bacteria in 15 seconds) it is exceedingly "versatile."

It is used as a mouth wash with pleasure and profit, and women, in particular, find it invaluable for general personal hygiene; there is no safer, more reliable prophylactic for cuts, bruises and all minor and major injuries; it has a soothing effect on inflamed and swollen conditions.

Listerine Antiseptic is the ideal antiseptic and germicide for personal requirements. Keep a bottle in your bathroom for daily use — and against emergencies.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Of all chemists 1/6, 3/- and 5/6 a bottle. Made in England

"YES . . . I SAID PLAYER'S"
CORK
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
TIPS
CIGARETTES
MEDIUM"
the CORK TIPS
are always so
delightfully
smooth !
20
for
11½D
'IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS'
N.C.C.334A

Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Audrey Cottam

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cottam, of Piccard's Rough, Guildford; she is engaged to Marcus Stedall, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Stedall, of 77, Cadogan Square, S.W.1

Lafayette

Margaret Tory

Is engaged to Richard Norman, second son of Dr. and Mrs. Norman, of Broadstone, Dorset; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Tory, of Shapwick, Blandford

Lafayette

Pamela Parbury

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Parbury, of 20, Connaught Square, W.2; she is engaged to Denis Falcke Myers, son of the late David Robert Myers and Mrs. Myers, of 5, Portman Mansions, W.1

Kay Vaughan

Mary Camilla Hamilton

Has announced her engagement to Edward William Renwick, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Renwick, of Gidea Park, Essex; she is the daughter of the late F. M. Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, of Devon

Hay Wrightson

Margareta Boving

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Boving, of Chambers Green, St. Leonard's, Bucks.; she is engaged to Hans Harald Lieb, only son of the late H. E. Lieb and Mrs. Lieb, of Salzburg, Germany

Kay Vaughan

Patricia Murray

Is the only daughter of Sir Hugh and Lady Murray, of Bramble Hill Lodge, nr. Lyndhurst, Hants.; she is engaged to Godfrey Martin Paulson, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. Paulson, and Mrs. Paulson, of 3, Belsize Grove, Hampstead

Bertram Park

Virginia Shrapnell-Smith

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shrapnell-Smith, of Hound House, Shere; she is engaged to Vyvyan William Tregear, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. C. Tregear, of Brin, Inverness-shire

Bassano

Mary Cooke

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cooke, of Barnt Green, Worcs.; she announces her engagement to F. Lt. J. P. Cecil-Wright, R.A.F., only son of Sq.-Ldr. J. A. Cecil-Wright, of Honiley, nr. Warwick, and Mrs. Haylock, of Lee-on-Solent

Bassano

Elizabeth Pritchard

Is engaged to Major H. J. R. Jackson, eldest son of the late Harold Jackson and Mrs. Jackson, of West Drive, Harrow Weald; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Pritchard, of 42, Tilehouse Street, Hitchin

Stuart

Gladys Clarke Jervoise

Is the daughter of the late Sir Dudley Clarke Jervoise, and Lady Clarke Jervoise, of Rowlands Castle, Hants.; she is engaged to Dr. Kenneth Southam, son of the late Harold Southam and Mrs. Southam, of Kingsdown, Deal

Elliott & Fry

Mary Lang

Mary Adine Hope Lang, daughter of the Rev. Frank and Mrs. Hope Lang, of North Cadbury, Somerset, is engaged to Henry Frederick Clow Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clow Wilson, of Queen Camel House, Somerset

Elliott & Fry

Jocelyn Mary Waller

Is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. S. de W. Waller, of Kettlebaston, Ipswich; she is engaged to Francis Godfrey Berthoud, eldest son of the late Alfred Berthoud and Mrs. Berthoud, of Burghley Road, Wimbledon

Cridlan — Camm

Clare Camm, second daughter of Mr. R. H. J. Camm and the late Mrs. Camm, of Adelaide, South Australia, was married at Boxmoor Church to John Harrison Cridlan, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cridlan, of Felden Park, Hemel Hempstead

Culley — Battle

At Woodham Church, Woking, Sq.-Ldr. S. Douglas Culley, son of Mr. W. J. Culley and Mrs. S. A. Ogden, married Marguerite Battle, elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Battle and Mrs. Battle, of Gorselands, Horsell Common, Woking

Brickhill — Wright

Cyril Howard Brickhill, only son of Mr. F. W. Brickhill, of Yew Tree Cottage, Whitchurch, near Pangbourne, and Marjorie Wright, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wright, of the Nor'ard, Kingsgate, Thanet, were married at St. Peter with St. Thomas, Vere Street

Elliott — Bentall

Joy Bentall, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard H. Bentall, of Oakwood Court, Givons Grove, Leatherhead, was married at St. Michael's Church, Mickleham, to Cecil Laidlow Elliott

Patrick — White

At St. Lawrence Jewry, Henry Couper Patrick, third son of Mr. and Mrs. John Patrick, of Newton Place, Glasgow, married Mary White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. White, of Oaklands, Purley

Bird — Heywood

Arthur John Bird, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bird, of Shepherd's Green, Chislehurst, and Phillis Ruth Heywood, elder daughter of Mr. C. G. Heywood, of the Oak House, Chislehurst, Kent, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Scott — Hollins

John Kennedy Scott, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kennedy Scott, of 57, Addison Road, W.14, and Margaret Doreen Hollins, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Hollins, of 2, Frognal, N.W.3, were married at Hampstead Church

Enjoy the tranquillity of

CENTRAL WALES

Life flows serenely in Central Wales — good health abounds there. Enjoy days of rest and relaxation midst the shelving woods, by sparkling waters.

Climb the gentle, verdant slopes and taste real fresh air blowing across wide open spaces. There are miles and miles of moorland around the Spas of Central Wales. You feel alive there — vigorously alive.

Central Wales offers you good golf, good fishing for salmon and trout, and the health-giving waters of the Spas at Llandrindod, Llangammarch, Llanwrtyd and Builth Wells. Here, too, is entertainment and accommodation aplenty.

Central Wales is easily reached. Monthly Return Tickets are only 1½d. a mile 1st class and 1d. a mile 3rd class by L M S Express Trains. When you arrive at your centre (Llandrindod Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells, Builth Wells or Llangammarch Wells) you can obtain at the Booking Office an L M S Holiday Contract Ticket. It costs 15/- and with it you can travel for a week wherever you wish and as often as you wish in the whole area.

To know more of this delectable district, get a free copy of "The Spas of Central Wales," obtainable at any L M S Station or Office

Buy a copy of "Holidays by L M S" (the complete resort and apartment guide) price 6d. at all L M S Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Booksellers.

Travel in comfort by

L M S

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

A Charming Ensemble

THE "COLCHESTER"

An up-to-the-minute model with its three-quarter-length, high buttoned, belted coat and slim slit skirt. Not the least attractive part is the material — soft loosely woven woollen tweed. Price 9½ Gns.

Catalogue, patterns and self-measurement form willingly sent on request.

Kenneth Durward LTD

37, CONDUIT STREET
BOND STREET
LONDON, W1.

ATTRACTIVE TAILOR-MADES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Liberty's

"MIRAMAR." Elegant Evening Wrap in multi-coloured brocade with contrasting velvet at wrist.
12 Gns.

In velvet, the sleeve caught back at wrist with facing of lamé.
9 Gns.

LIBERTY & CO., LTD., REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Regent 1234.

The Mediterranean awaits you—with a blue that marries sky to sea. It is a sea so warm that you can bathe the whole day long. Spend a week on the Riviera and your winter pallor will have left you. Spend a fortnight and you will become a shameless worshipper of sun and sea. There's no need to gamble on the sunshine—but there's a lucky number waiting for you at the "tables." When you leave for home the Riviera will leave you bronzed and beautiful, rested, refreshed and reassured. Meanwhile, remember that you save pounds on the special 30-day return ticket and 25% on the wagons-lits.

THE FRENCH
Riviera

It's easy to get there—it's hard to have to come back

Ask for "The Riviera Revisited" by Charles Graves. For further information, apply P.L.M. Railway 179 Piccadilly, W.1; S.R. Continental Enquiry Office Victoria Stn or any travel agency.

CVS—11

Whimsical Fish *design . . .*

Swimming Suit

with skirt attached

. . . *by Debenhams*

In reliable wool. Becoming low back. Brown/white, Black/white, Saxe/white. (Foreign)

35/9

Debenham&Freebody
WIGMORE ST., W.1.

Debenhams Ltd.

By Appointment

Business Took Mr. Cunningham to York

All packed to go. Taxi coming in ten minutes FOR HIRE. Suddenly 'phone rings. "Would Mr. Cunningham play Golf with Mr. Holt at York after the Conference?" "Too late to pack your golf things now, dear" says Mrs. C. "Too late? Watch me." In less time than it takes to tell, his Revelation was expanded —plus fours, pullover, shoes, etc., slipped on top and the lid closed with ease—as usual—over the lot. "Right away, taxi"—*honk honk*

Chorus · A Revelation never lets you down!

REVELATION

EXPANDS

to hold MORE

MORE

and MORE

This 24" model is in finest Rawhide, with Rawhide corners, best Chromium-plated locks and fittings - £7-2-6

Without corners £6-2-6

All standard models in Vulcanised Fibre or Leather are **GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS.**

Thirty-five models to choose from: Leather, 75/- to £8-8-0; Rawhide, from £5-12-6; Vulcanised Fibre, from 37/6; Compressed Fibre, from 10/- to 35/-

AT ALL STORES & LUGGAGE DEALERS and REVELATION SUITCASE CO., LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 (*Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.*)

"Dreaded the cutting of hay"

"For several years I have used Vapex for colds and Hay Fever, and, whereas in days when I did not know Vapex I dreaded the cutting of hay in the country, now I feel quite safe. Vapex is wonderful."
Alice W., London, S.W.1.

Don't put up with the misery of Hay Fever this summer. Breathe Vapex regularly. It clears the head, soothes inflamed mucous membranes, protects the system. Vapex gives wonderful relief from summer colds and catarrh.

VAPEX TRADE MARK INHALANT

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V148 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

No better pipe is made . . .

Smoked by Connoisseurs the World over

NEW ERA (De Luxe finish) 12/6

XTRA (Natural) 10/6

NEW STANDARD (Natural) 7/6

NEW STANDARD (Rich Ruby finish) 7/6

London Made

Write for Booklet of Shapes to Dept. B.

OPPENHEIMER PIPES, LTD., 38, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2.

For Social Hospitality, Chaperonage, Introductions, Governesses, Nannies, Wholesale Buying Agency.

UNIVERSAL AUNTS LIMITED.

Sloane 5101.

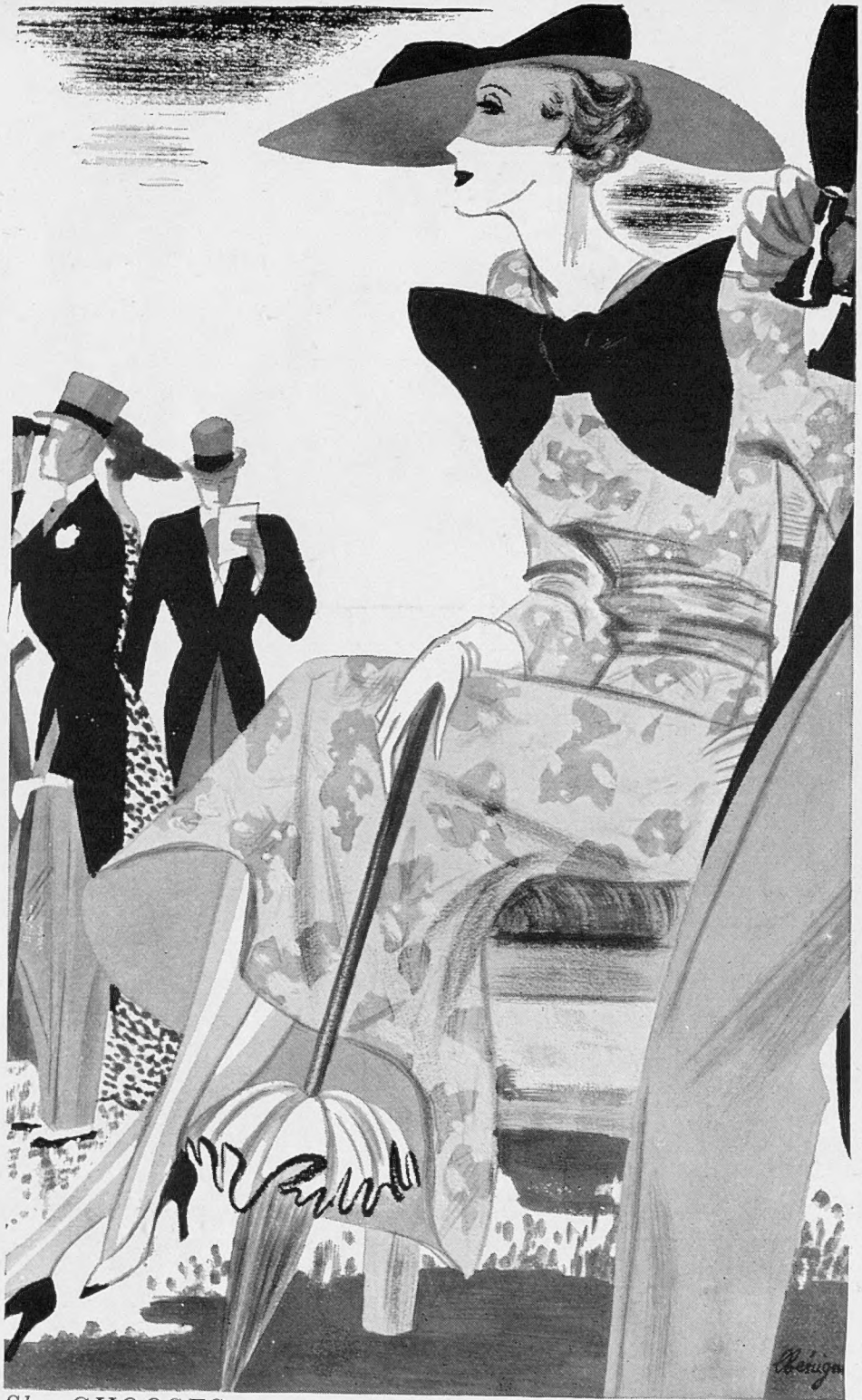
37 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

GLENEAGLES HOTEL

The Unrivalled Playground of the World

PERTHSHIRE

Particulars and tariff from L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1. Arthur Towle, Controller.



THE gown is certain to have been created by any one of the *grands couturiers* of the Rue de la Paix. The hat designed by any one of the famous Paris *salons* from Alphonsine to Reboux. Little shops you've never heard of in Vienna share with shops everybody's heard of in London the pride of fashioning the shoes. In but one sphere has a monopoly been granted . . .

She CHOOSES to grace her lovely legs with BONDOR

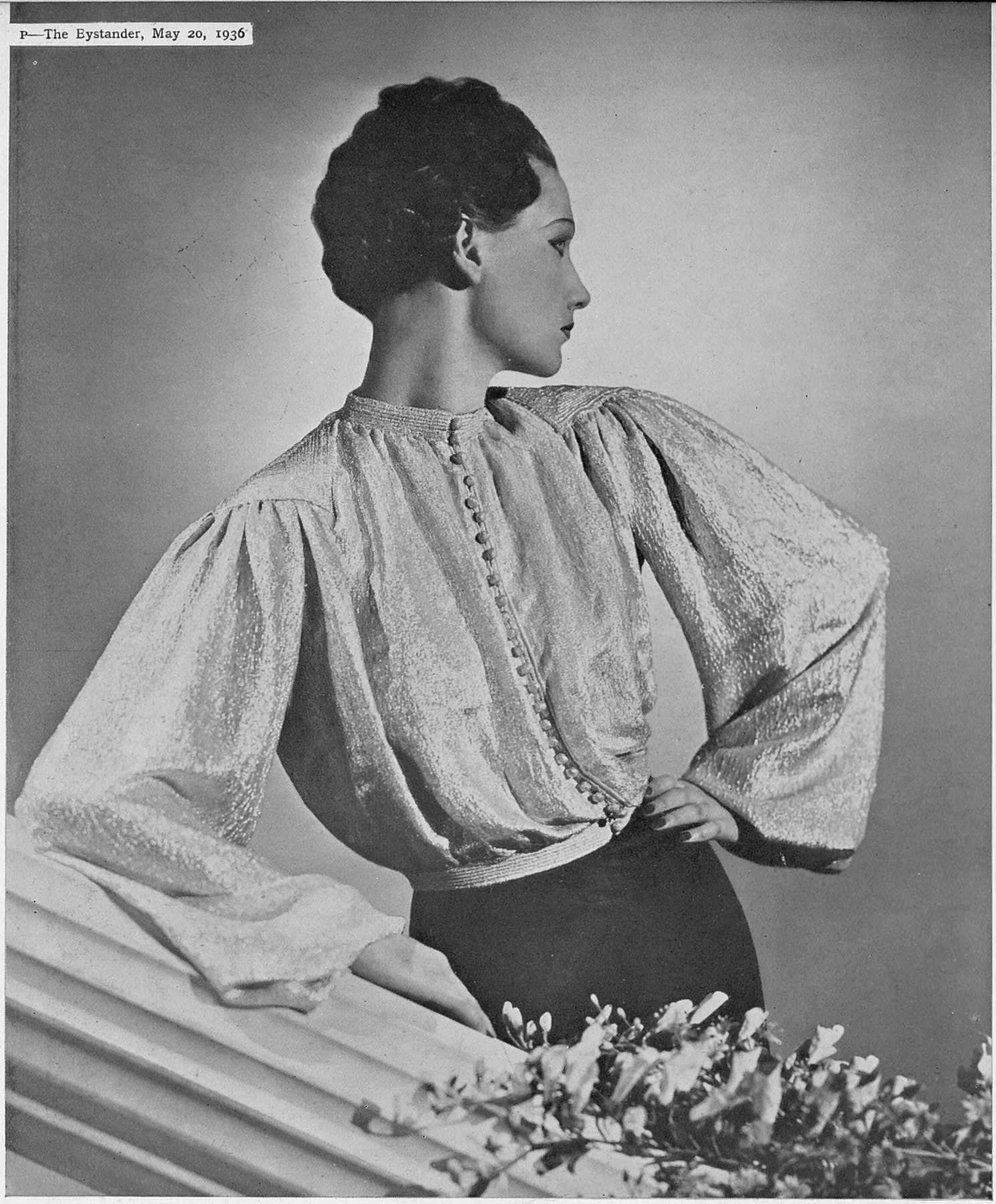
BONDOR

Chiffon Silk STOCKINGS

Hold them up to the light and see for yourself
that not a blemish shadows their sheer loveliness

4/11, 6/11, 8/11, 10/6 AT THE SMARTER SHOPS

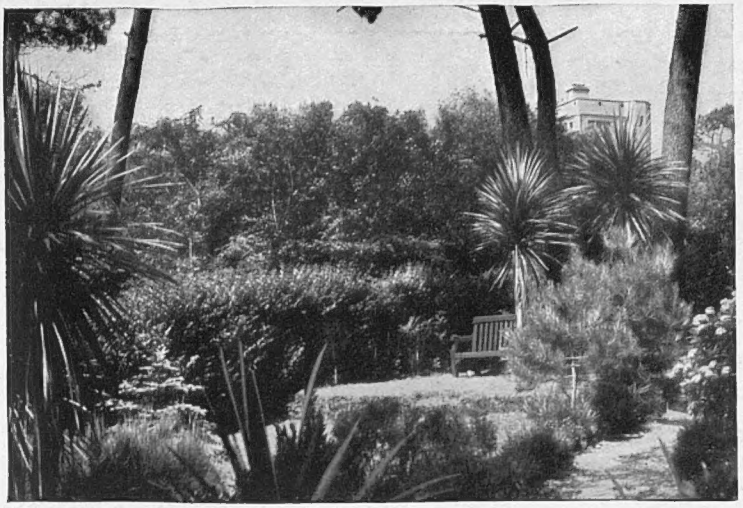
MADE AT BALDOCK IN HERTFORDSHIRE



Paris looked to Russia for inspiration and designed this cocktail blouse with boldly-cut sleeves, a tight waist and close-fitting neckline. Here we copy each point from the French model and flaunt them magnificently in softest satin-backed lamé. 5½ gns.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1



The magnificent grounds and superb position of Branksome Tower are unique and world famous. Here are private cliffs, ten acres of beautifully wooded grounds and an exclusive sea promenade reached through winding walks without crossing any road. Distinction of clientele, cuisine and appointments confer upon Branksome Tower a position of its own among the world's best Hotels. Rooms and suites overlooking a wonderful vista of woodland and sea, four fine hard tennis courts, squash court and dance and orchestral music of a high order are in keeping with the standing of " the Cap Martin of England." Write for illustrated brochure to L. Burdet, Manager.
Phone : Bournemouth 4000.

BRANKSOME
TOWER HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

SPALDING
"TOP-FLITE"

THREE MODELS
"Standard" 57/6
"County" 63/-
"Tournament" 70/-

"gets the ball there a split-second quicker"

The "Top-Flite" was originally designed by the world-famous W. T. Tilden and used by him in all his most important successes.
There's a Spalding racket to suit every purse and every taste from 15/- to 70/-.
★ *Write for folder illustrated in colour.*

"JUNIOR" Model. *Specially made for young players* 42/-

OF ALL SPORTS DEALERS OR SPALDING SPORT SHOPS
London: 318 High Holborn, W.C.1, 78 Cheapside, E.C.2, and 212 Putney Bridge Road, S.W.15; also at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Southsea, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast.

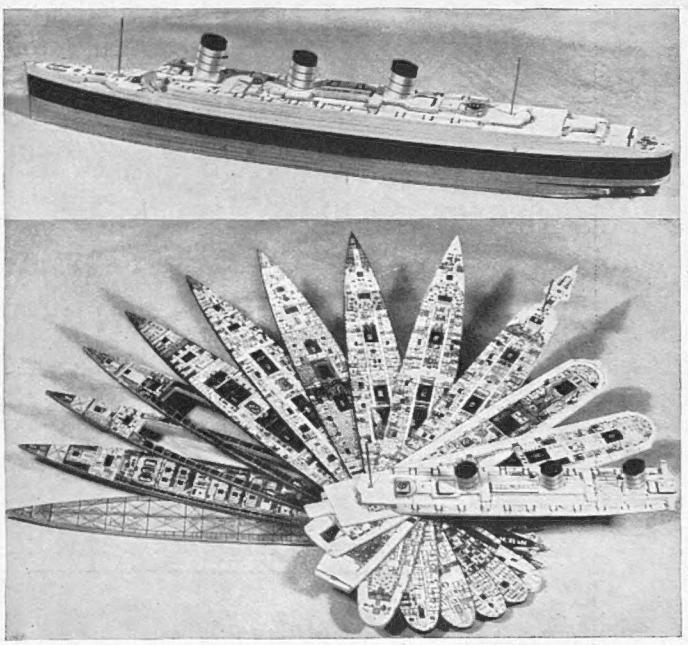
321a

ASTHMA
Relief is what matters
For sixty-five years Himrod's has given the greatest relief to sufferers of bronchial asthma.
IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST
Insist on the genuine
HIMROD'S CURE

£30 to £5000 lent
Without any Security to Ladies or Gentlemen.
Write: RICHMOND INVESTMENTS, LTD., 4, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.

'ware dust!...
Moisten mouth and throat . . . allay irritation
Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d. & 1/3

UNIQUE "TAKE TO PIECES" COLOURED MODEL OF
R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"
Designed by G. H. DAVIS, the special artist of "The Illustrated London News."



All 12 Decks Removable, Revealing Every Item of the Ship's Wonderful Interior.

The Model, 12 inches long, together with a numbered list of all the interesting features of the ship, is available in an attractive box, price 3/6. Postage and packing, Inland, 9d. extra; Elsewhere Abroad, 2/6 extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to :—
THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LTD.
23-24, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Removes Perspiration trouble for days at a time

Think of it! A deodorant that controls perspiration for days at a time! All you do with Perstop is to bring the patent fixed-in applicator into contact with your skin. No waste, not a trickle down your body, not a drop on your hands. The method of application is as wonderful as Perstop itself, and it cuts out all the trouble and all the annoyance usually experienced when using a liquid deodorant.

1/6 and 2/6 at all high-class Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

Merchandising and Service Corporation Ltd., 64 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

Perstop

A commission with Douglas Stuart is virtually executed from the moment you hand in your telegram

and you will be paid-

NO LIMIT TO ODDS OR AMOUNT WON

WIRES may be handed in up to the advertised time of the race or from the course up to the "OFF."

For all commissions at

STARTING PRICE on singles, doubles and accumulators, or

OFFICIAL "TOTE" PRICES + 5% for single events

Write to-day and open a Credit Account

Douglas Stuart *Ltd.*

STUART HOUSE · LONDON · W·C·2